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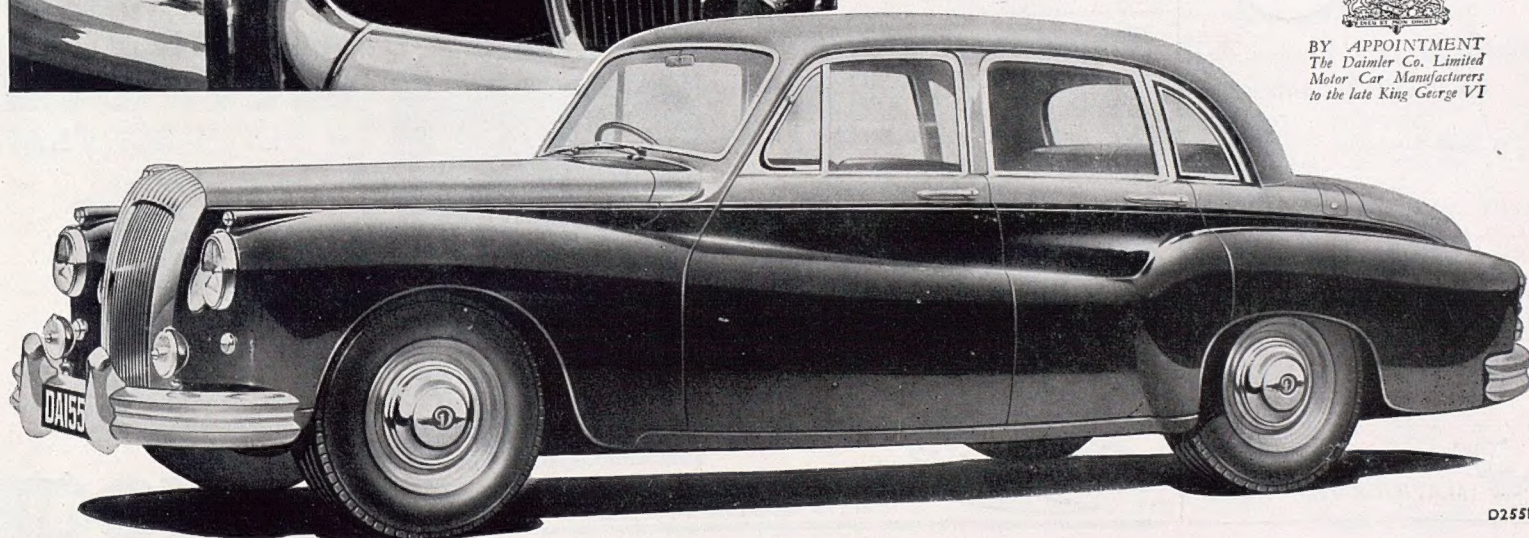
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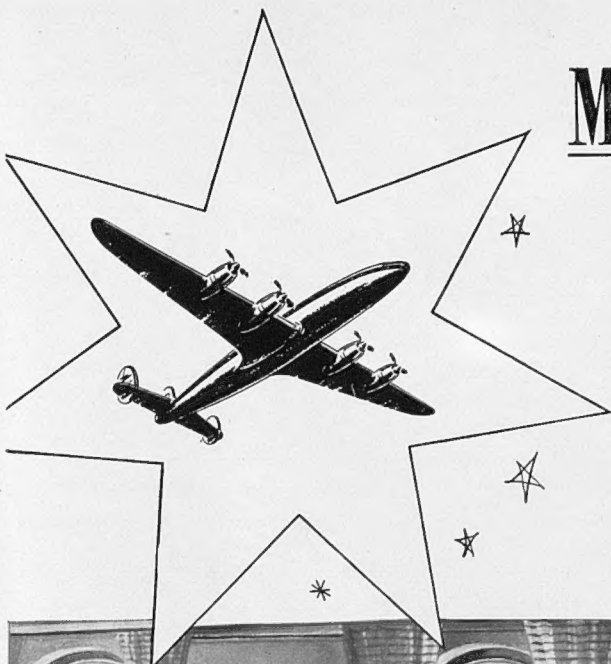


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## Princess Margaret, a Royal godmother

AT Woodstock Church, Oxfordshire, H.R.H. Princess Margaret attended the christening of her godson, Alexander Pepys Muir, son of Mr. Robin and Lady Rosemary Muir. Here the Princess is looking at her godson, held by his mother, with his other godmother, Mme. Jacques Bemberg. Lady Rosemary is a daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough





Kayer

THE children of the Earl Verulam's brother and their presumptive are seen in the library at Gorhambury with their mother. They are John, born in 1951, Hermione, Iona, Elisabeth and Romayne. Their father, the Hon. John Grimston, has been M.P. for St. Albans since 1951. Beautiful and historic Gorhambury Park is famous for its Elizabethan pictures, especially those of Queen Elizabeth and Essex in the yellow drawing-room, Francis Bacon, from whose kinsman the estate came into the Grimston family, and the Earl of Strafford

## At Gorhambury, Herts

*The Hon. Mrs. John Grimston  
and her five children*





Eric Coob

## SOUVENIR FOR A BRIDE

MISS JENIFER FEARNLEY-WHITTINGSTALL, whose wedding to the Hon. Rodney Berry is described below, holds a model doll, wearing an exact replica of her dress. It was made by Mrs. Marie Jones, from Sydney, N.S.W., and the detail includes even a tiny emerald engagement ring. The figured panel is made of material more than a century old, which was first used in 1889 for the bride's grandmother's wedding dress

*Social Journal*

*Jennifer*

## SNOW FOR THE WEDDING

SEVERAL inches of snow lay on the streets and pavements, and it was still falling heavily over St. George's, Hanover Square, for the marriage of the Hon. Rodney Berry, third son of the late Viscount Camrose and Viscountess Camrose, and Miss Jenifer Fearnley-Whittingstall, elder daughter of Mr. W. A. Fearnley-Whittingstall, Q.C., and Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall. This meant that, not only were some of the guests late, but the five grown-up bridesmaids failed to arrive before the bride, and finally got to the church and joined the retinue after the ceremony had started.

The service was conducted by the Bishop of Ely, with the Ven. the Hon. S. H. Phillimore

and the Rev. Lloyd Dukes. White arum lilies decorated the altar, and the same flowers mixed with white lilac and white chrysanthemums were arranged in big vases on each side of the chancel steps. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a dress of ivory satin embroidered in pearls and a train cut in one. Her Brussels lace veil was held in place with a head-dress of tuberose and she carried a shower bouquet of white flowers.

Her seven child bridesmaids, Eleanor Berry, Caroline Berry and Tara Macaulay, nieces of the bridegroom, with Cordelia Llewellyn, Sophia Stainton, Emma Chetwode and Arabella Rose, looked enchanting wearing cream tulle dresses over white satin with head-dresses of pink flowers. The older bridesmaids wore identical dresses. They were Miss Serena Fearnley-Whittingstall, sister of the bride,

Miss Elsabe Whetstone, who incidentally will be a débutante this year, Miss Ruth Elwes, Miss Sally Collier and Miss Susan Greenwood.

H.H. Princess Marie-Louise was among the guests who filled the church and gallery, and later came on to Hutchinson House where the bride's parents held the reception.

VISCOUNTESS CAMROSE sat in a chair near the bride's parents to receive the guests, and her eldest son Viscount Camrose stood near her. Many members of their family, which is a very large one, were at the wedding, including the bridegroom's sisters Lady Sherwood and her sons and Viscountess Birkenhead with her husband and young family, the Hon.

[Continued overleaf]





Left: Two couples deep in conversation who were enjoying the occasion were Mr. Dennis Wallace, Miss Julia Varley, Miss Wendy Varley and Mr. Philip Waddilove



Right: Fruit vendor Bill Page was selling a pineapple to Miss Daphne Alexander and Mr. Laurence Reed. Miss Alexander did great work collecting prizes for the tombola

## AT THE STOIC'S PINEAPPLE BALL

THIS ball in aid of Stowe School's club for boys, has become a very popular annual event. It was organized this year by a most energetic young committee under the chairmanship of Mr. Richard Wadsworth and was attended by over 750 guests

### Continuing The Social Journal

### World travellers at wedding reception

Mrs. Ronald McNair Scott with Major McNair Scott and their children and the Hon. Mrs. William Macaulay. The latter who was over with her husband from their home in Ireland, had her elder daughter Tara in the retinue of bridesmaids.

The Hon. Julian Berry had his lovely wife with him wearing a very chic little lime yellow mandarin hat with a mink coat. Their daughter Caroline was also a bridesmaid. Among the very busy ushers were the Hon. Neville Berry, the Hon. Peter Pleydell-Bouverie, Viscount Vaughan and the Hon. Michael Berry, whose wife Lady Pamela Berry was also there with their four children, four-year-old Eleanor, the youngest, being among the child bridesmaids.

OTHER members of the family at the reception included the Hon. Lionel and Lady Hélène Berry, the latter wearing a velvet hat with her long mink coat—they had returned just before Christmas from a business trip which took them half round the world—and Mr. Denis Berry with his elder daughter Barbara, now Mrs. Alexander Gilmour, looking very bronzed after her honeymoon in Madeira. Incidentally, Lady Hélène Berry and Viscountess Kemsley are jointly giving a coming out dance for Lady Hélène's second daughter Miss Jane Berry at Viscount and Viscountess Kemsley's London home, Chandos House, on July 19.

I also met Lord Iliffe, just back from a business trip to South Africa and shortly off to Nassau, his lovely daughter-in-law the Hon. Mrs. Langton Iliffe, the Hon. Mrs. Charles Rhys, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Black, the

Hon. Mrs. Anthony Samuel, the Hon. Edmund and Mrs. Ironside, Viscount and Viscountess Vaughan, his sister Lady Honor Llewellyn, Mr. "Pop" Onslow Fane, Mrs. Stanley Cayzer, Capt. and Mrs. Bobby Petre, Miss Virginia Llewellyn, who is making her début this season, and her sister Miss Jennifer Llewellyn, who is to be a bride herself next month.

Mr. Randolph Churchill was there with his wife but had to leave the reception early. I also saw the Hon. John Fox-Strangways, Joan Princess Aly Khan, who came with Mr. and Mrs. Peter Laycock, Earl Haig, Mr. and Mrs.



Mr. Roy Tiley and Miss Patricia Nichol, the able hon. organizing secretary of the ball, were negotiating the purchase of a pineapple from vendor Bill Smith, who did excellent business

Richard Bryant, Mrs. Hugh Leggatt and the Hon. Richard Stanley, who was best man, and proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom. They have since crossed to America in the Cunard liner Queen Elizabeth and are later going on to Jamaica on their honeymoon.

★ ★ ★

NEARLY eight hundred guests came to the Pineapple Ball at Grosvenor House. This ball is held annually, and is organized by a committee under the Presidency of the Headmaster of Stowe, Mr. E. V. Reynolds, to raise funds for the Stowe Club for Boys (The Pineapple), run since 1937 in the Paddington area of London. Members vary in age from ten to eighteen, and the club fosters an environment in which they may develop into responsible citizens. Several of the young members, wearing their sports vests with the Pineapple on the front, were at the ball selling programmes, and I was impressed by the youthfulness of the whole gathering. Instead of the many elderly people who usually make up the numbers at such events, quite eighty per cent at this ball were in their very early twenties, so it was a really gay evening.

AMONG the old boys from Stowe, more generally known as "Stoics," at the ball were Mr. Richard Wadsworth, chairman of the Ball Committee, and Mr. Graham Turner Laing, who had worked hard on the committee and with his pretty sister Heather had brought a big party. Other Stoics included Mr. David Higham, Mr. Peter Horley, and Mr. John Money. Miss Patricia Nichol, the hard-working honorary secretary, was there and other members of the committee I saw were Miss Bridget Heaton-Armstrong who had a big party, Miss Daphne Alexander, Miss Jennifer Cameron who looked sweet in white, Miss Sally Pickett, and Miss Mary Terry and Miss Sally Russell, two very pretty girls who came with Old Marlburian Mr. William Weatherall and





Left: A quartet on the stairs were Mrs. Nigel Proudlock, Mrs. Hugh Leggatt, Mrs. Douglas King and Mrs. Tony Morgan. The ball was held in the Great Room at Grosvenor House

Miss Sheila McRobbie, Mr. Edward Crowther, Mr. F. H. Burgess and Miss Thelma Clarke were about to watch the excellent cabaret given by artistes Aud Johansen and Ron Moody



Old Etonian Mr. Colin Ingleby-Mackenzie. Another Old Etonian I saw was Mr. Michael Ransome, who was in a big party which included Old Wykamist Mr. Malcolm Burr and the Hon. Mary Stopford. Mr. Graham Turner Laing persuaded his mother Mrs. Hubert Raphael to bring a party with her husband, and their guests included Lord and Lady Swinfen, the latter looking most attractive in aquamarine satin, Mr. Ronald and Lady Gloria Flower and Major Stephen Cox. There was a tombola at one end of the vast ballroom which was very well supported and soon sold out, and guests enjoyed an excellent cabaret.

★ ★ ★

"IT is the lot of diplomats to meet, to make friends, and then to part again." These were the opening words of a most sincere and charming speech, made in French, by Monsieur Per Preben Prebensen, the Norwegian Ambassador, now Doyen of the Diplomatic Corps in London, when on behalf of the Corps he presented the French Ambassador, the former Doyen, and Mme. Massigli with a gift on the occasion of their departure. It took the form of four exquisite George III silver sauce tureens.

In his speech the Norwegian Ambassador paid a tribute to the exceptional services M. Massigli rendered to the French cause in the war—and to the success of his mission in London during the last ten years. This has been recognized in France by his elevation to the highest class of Légion d'Honneur, and in this country by the exceptional distinction, which he believed unique for a foreigner, of being created a Companion of Honour by the Queen.

He also spoke of his admiration for M. Massigli who now, instead of retiring and having a well deserved rest, is taking on a very important rôle in the French Foreign Office.

THIS delightful little ceremony took place at the Norwegian Embassy in Kensington Palace Gardens, where the Ambassador and Mme. Prebensen, the latter looking very elegant in a long sleeved black and gold brocade dress, held a reception attended by heads of the Diplomatic Missions who were in London, Court officials and members of the Foreign Office, many of them accompanied by their wives. Among these were the Swedish Ambassador, the Ethiopian Ambassador, the Austrian Ambassador and Mme. Wimmer, the Chilean Ambassador, and the Yugoslavian Ambassador and Mme. Velebit. The High Commissioners for Australia, Canada, New

Zealand, Ceylon and South Africa were there, also Mr. Anthony Nutting and his wife, the Marquess and Marchioness of Reading, Major Mark Milbanke, Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones and Sir Ivone and Lady Kirkpatrick.

★ ★ ★

I PAID a brief but most enlightening visit to Britain's first National Boat Show which was held at the Empire Hall, Olympia. It proved such a tremendous success that it is now, I hear, likely to become an annual event. There were exhibits of interest to see, whichever way you looked, varying from Prince Philip's Flying Fifteen class sailing dinghy Coweslip, which was on view on the ground floor, to burgee decorated glasses, trays and canvas bags designed by the yachting craftswoman Anne Isherwood, whose little shop in Castle Terrace fascinates hundreds of sailing enthusiasts who wander round Cowes during regatta week.

On Appleyards' stand, where a notice saying "Holidays afloat" caught everyone's eye, you could go over one of their hire fleet of cabin cruisers. Nearby on Toby Motors' stand there was a big crowd admiring two dashing nineteen-foot "De Luxe fast runabouts," painted cream, one powered by a six cylinder Austin Marine engine. Camper and Nicholson's stand recalled nostalgic memories of the famous big yachts built by this firm which raced in British and American waters in prewar days.

ON this stand pride of place was given to a model of the Norge, the Norwegian Royal yacht, which was originally built by Camper and Nicholson in 1937 for Sir Tom Sopwith, and then called Philante. As such she was used to tow his Endeavor-II across the Atlantic to race in the America's Cup. After the war she was bought by the people of Norway, refitted and altered by her builders, renamed Norge, and given as a 75th birthday present to King Haakon of Norway.

Another interesting model was the Nore, built for the Port of London Authority and converted at the time of the Coronation for the Queen to use when she came up the Thames. It now has a special portable canopy for state occasions. The very go-ahead and recently-formed Yacht Research Council also had a stand here. They are doing magnificent work in systematic research into the many complex problems of yacht design and construction, and it is hoped that this research, which as funds increase will become much greater, will result in the building of boats able to win gold medals at the next Olympic Games.

[Continued overleaf]



Mr. R. Wadsworth, the enterprising chairman of the ball committee, took time off from his duties to entertain Miss Shirley Ann Finch



Mr. David Bedford was chatting to Mr. and Mrs. Brian Adams. Mrs. Adams was at Westonbirt, the sister school to Stowe

Gabor Denes



## Continuing Social Journal

An afternoon at  
Warwick races

The Hon. Max Aitken, who owns the auxiliary schooner *Lumberjack*, was largely responsible for inaugurating this exhibition, which proved of immense interest to more than 100,000 visitors. During the week he and Mrs. Aitken gave a cocktail party for over a hundred guests all interested in yachts of various sizes or motor boats. These included the Portuguese Ambassador, a very keen and knowledgeable sailing enthusiast who paid three visits to the show.

During my brief visit I met Lt.-Gen. Sir Frederick Browning, who spends what little spare time he has in the summer sailing near his home in Cornwall. He has happily now recovered from the severe illness he had last summer, which to his great disappointment prevented him from accompanying Prince Philip on his tour through Canada. I also met Sir Archibald McIndoe the great plastic surgeon and Lady McIndoe, both taking the keenest interest in motor boats. They were just off to East Africa for a couple of months.

\* \* \*

RECENTLY I went down to spend the weekend in Warwickshire and attended Warwick races. This is an extremely well run and comfortable meeting with a good stand in the Members' Enclosure, where you can also watch the racing comfortably, sitting on a chair on the long covered balcony at the top. Thanks to the energy and foresight of Mr. Guy Nelson, chairman of the racecourse committee which is run by the Corporation of Warwick, meetings here are becoming increasingly popular, especially the flat racing during the summer.

The going was holding the day I was there, and quite a few falls occurred, happily none serious for either jockey or horse. Mrs. I.



*The bridesmaids were greatly enjoying the occasion. They were Miss Fay Jenkins, Miss Sara Gordon-Lennox, Miss Gay Ryder, Miss Dawn Palmer-Chapman, Hermione Ponsonby and Iona Haig*

Herbert won the first race with Tinkling, trained by Mr. Michael de Pret Roose. There was great cheering for a local winner when Lady Leigh's *Devonic* came into the unsaddling enclosure after winning the next event, as not only is he trained at Stoneleigh, but Lord Leigh who was there is also a steward at Warwick.

It was thought that Lady Apsley might continue the luck of women owners with her *Rose Chancellor* in the third race, but this chestnut mare fell and the race was won by Mr. Hugh Sumner's much fancied *Big Gun*.

I MET Lord and Lady Stavordale who had motored up from their home in Dorset to see their horse *Criterion*, trained by Mr. Gerald Balding, run in the fifth race which happily he won very comfortably. Major James Dance was conversing with Lord Willoughby de Broke, who is one of the stewards here, and had motored over from Castle Ashby in Northamptonshire where he and Lady Willoughby de Broke were members of the Marquess and Marchioness of Northampton's house party for the Pytchley Hunt Ball. They also went to the very good dance which Major and the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan gave the following night at Cottes-

brooke Hall where Princess Alexandra of Kent was staying with them. The young Princess enjoyed not only both dances but also a day's hunting with the Pytchley hounds who had their "after the ball" meet at Guilsborough. Photographs of the ball will be found on pages 112-13

Others racing at Warwick that afternoon included Capt. Phil Forsyth-Forrest, who is also a steward here, Mr. Ronnie Holbeach, one of the most beloved personalities in Warwickshire, who had his son John and granddaughter Anne with him, Mr. and Mrs. John Thomson who had motored over from Woodperry, near Oxford, Mr. Harry Middleton, Mrs. Peter Starkey, Miss "Pinkie" Fenwick and Miss Joanna Smith-Bingham, looking very pretty wearing a white beret with a short camel hair jacket over her tweed dress. She had motored up from Newmarket with Mr. and Mrs. Paddy Brudenell-Bruce.

\* \* \*

MEMBERS of the Diplomatic Corps, both Houses of Parliament and several hundred other guests, mounted the geranium-red carpeted stairs of the fine Libyan Embassy in Prince's Gate, at a reception given by the Ambassador. This



*Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore, Lady Longmore, Major Peter Snowden, Major Peter Longmore and Mrs. H. R. Freemantle talking at the reception*



*Mrs. Peter Hanbury, Mrs. Edward Spooner, Mr. Tony Friday and Miss Bridget Ebbels. There were many prominent yachtsmen amongst the three hundred guests*



reception was held in celebration of Libyan Independence Day (which was Christmas Eve) and was a delightful party.

From here I went on to Claridge's, where Mr. Leslie Gamage and the Hon. Mrs. Gamage, who looked most attractive in a nut brown wild silk dress and a little pink flower cap, were giving a party. This was to say "au revoir" before they left a few days later for a world tour by air, therefore it was not surprising that the ballroom at Claridge's was soon packed with friends wishing them *bon voyage*. These included the High Commissioner for Australia and Lady White, Mr. Walton Butterworth, Minister at the American Embassy and Mrs. Butterworth, who incidentally are giving a dance in London for their daughter Cynthia on June 14.

Also present were the Israeli Ambassador and Mme. Elath, Lord and Lady Freyberg and the Countess of Brecknock, who was later joined by her son the Earl of Brecknock.

OTHER leading figures of the St. John Ambulance Brigade at the party included Mrs. Beatrice Grosvenor, who is Assistant Commissioner in Chief of the Order of St. John, Lady Loraine, who came with Sir Percy Loraine, and Sir Otto Lund, Commissioner in Chief of the Order of St. John, who told me he was off the following day on a tour of inspection, visiting Colombo, Singapore, Australia, New Zealand and Canada. In contrast, returning travellers I met were Mr. and Mrs. Terence Maxwell, who only got back just in time for Christmas from a trip to New Zealand, Australia and America. Their daughter Valerie, who went with them is remaining in America for another few weeks. They were talking to Sir Ronald and Lady Weeks, the latter enjoying her first party after her recent illness.

Sir Graham and Lady Cunningham were conversing with Lady Bruce-Gardner and I met Mrs. Gamage's sister, the Hon. Mrs. Rose, who is a very active member of the L.C.C., Mr. and Mrs. Charles Snelling, the Hon. Mrs. Marion Hubbard and Sir Simon and Lady Marks. Other guests enjoying this very good party were Lord and Lady Baillieu, Mr. Whitney and Lady Daphne Straight, Sir William Rootes, whom I saw talking earnestly to his host, Sir Louis and Lady Sterling and Lord Rochdale.



## MANY YACHTSMEN AT LONDON WEDDING

THE marriage took place at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, of Capt. John Goddard and Miss Carolyn M. Perry, daughter of Mrs. Stanley Perry. Above: Bride and bridegroom cut the cake



The Hon. Derek and Mrs. Winn were chatting to Mrs. Peter Fawcett, the bridegroom's sister, whose small son Timothy was the youngest guest



The parents of the bride and bridegroom: Mrs. Goddard, Lt.-Col. A. Goddard, M.C., Mrs. Perry and Lt.-Col. Stanley Perry, the bride's stepfather, who represented Britain as helmsman of his yacht *Unique* in the last Olympics

Gabor Denes





Vane Ivanović coming up with a small grouper, killed at a depth of one hundred feet, attached to his waist ring



Henry Tiarks and Whitney Straight, one wearing oxygen apparatus and the other Cousteau's compressed air equipment



The author holding a large merou or grouper, this time of 36 lb. weight, which he speared at the hundred foot level

## THE NEWEST SPORT IS THE BOLDEST

• Vane Ivanović •

*The writer of this article, author of "Spearfishing" and "Modern Spearfishing," began deep diving for fish before the war, in his native Yugoslavia, and has since followed the sport all over the world*

SEVEN-TENTHS of the surface of our globe is covered by water. It is amazing, therefore, that this generation has been the first to go under the sea in great numbers. True enough, there have been many efforts to probe the mysteries of the world below sea level. Aristotle, whose fertile brain considered many problems, used to lie off a Greek beach, breathing tube in mouth, casting a myopic eye about him in the shallow waters. Rome had her own corps of swimming and diving soldiers, the *Urinatores*. Leonardo da Vinci invented a practical breathing tube and a swimming glove which gave man web hands. Diving bells, submarines and bathyscaphes followed at long intervals, but the underwater few remained few.

The simple diving mask which merely covers the eyes and nose, and rubber flippers attached to the feet, have wrought a revolution in man's attitude to the seas and oceans. Almost everyone can now float on the surface and look down with ease, even dive a few feet, and so enter what has been called the Silent World.

It would take a poet to give an adequate description of the sensations which the pioneers experienced gliding, weightless, in the weird new countryside which is now accessible to so many.

SOME men are fascinated by the thought that the shallow waters of the Mediterranean are open to a new era of archaeological research, others now dive in quest of oil or valuable minerals. The present Duke of Argyll is the first of many generations with a serious chance of salvaging the Spanish treasure in Tobermory Bay. Men like Henry Tiarks, some of whose photographs are reproduced here, have responded to the challenge of recording the strange newly-discovered scenery below the sea, meeting technical difficulties and encountering dangers which would horrify the average photographer. Geologists and biologists must now learn to swim and dive. Last but not least, there are the sporting fishermen of this world.

The most primitive and still the most sporting weapon we take with us is a Hawaiian sling. A six-foot steel harpoon with a barb is propelled by a rubber sling. At three feet it will pierce as big a fish as you can manage to hold. There are many variations of mechanical propulsion of the harpoon under water. A steel spring inside a barrel, a strong rubber sling stretched and then released by a trigger, and underwater guns working on compressed air or carbon dioxide.

As fish vary from a tenth of an inch in size to the largest of sharks, so does fishing under water vary along a scale which compares with stalking a bed-bug in a Balkan hotel to shooting rhinoceros. Weapons should, therefore, be

chosen with some regard to taste and ambitions. (See illustration of an eleven-foot stainless steel spear as an example of a weapon without mechanical propulsion.)

After a little practice in diving and holding the breath, the novice can go down ten to fifteen feet, look round, take aim, miss and come up—all in thirty seconds. The Americans have invented the curious name of skin-diving for this type of sport, though spearfishing, which they also use, is a happier choice.

THE first real difficulty comes when a shot has been successful. Usually there is a line attached to the harpoon so that by holding on to the gun or sling, the speared fish can be hauled in. To save going back to the shore each time a fish is speared, we carry a metal ring attached to our waists and the fish are slipped on and kept safe and fresh for the triumphant return home. This should only be done in the Mediterranean. Elsewhere sharks are apt to come and nibble the fish at one's waist.

Within a few years, two types of gear were invented which enable a diver to go below and stay there longer than one breath would allow. The oxygen apparatus is most suitable for photographers and others who want to stay in shallow water for long. With the compressed oxygen gear which he wears in the photograph shown, Henry Tiarks can stay up to two hours under water, but he must not go much below forty feet. Oxygen under pressure at greater depth becomes poisonous. He has to watch the rate of supply of oxygen, which he can regulate by hand, and he adjusts his buoyancy by the quantity of gas he keeps in his breathing bag.

WHITNEY STRAIGHT wears the Aqualung, the invention of the celebrated Capitaine Cousteau. With it he can go down to depths of three hundred feet. He breathes compressed air and will use large quantities at the great pressures in these depths with each breath he takes. This reduces the time at great depths to a few seconds because he must also allow for a slow rise to the surface to prevent the dangerous and painful accumulation of nitrogen in the blood stream—"the bends."

In practice and for daily fishing purposes or in the course of his "promenades" below the Formentor rocks on Majorca, where I go with him, Whitney Straight (who, incidentally, has the most perfect underwater manners I have encountered) avoids diving to 120 feet. At that depth he would run the risk of oxygen effects on his brain, quaintly described as "Rapture of the Depths." Anything goes with "The Rapture." We might see mermaids or we might decide we can do without air or even go to sleep. If we dived to below 120 feet in Loch Ness it is absolutely certain that we would see the Monster.

Despite these troubles involved in its use, the Aqualung is the perfect equipment for





deep dives and for stalking the bigger game of the seas. Some of the inhabitants of the deep are brave, clever and strong. Patient stalking of a merou (grouper) of over thirty pounds in weight compares with the finest sport on land. In deep water it is only possible with an Aqualung and we can stay up to forty minutes at a depth of one hundred feet with a three-cylinder outfit in perfect safety. With the Aqualung, curtains of large bubbles rise continually from the diver to the surface, making him easy to locate; with the oxygen equipment no bubbles need be blown because the oxygen is re-breathed after filtering.

I AM sorry to have to admit that the octopus is a timid little beast and that I am more afraid of a spider. Lobsters can and should be caught only with a gloved hand. The fierce-looking moray eel, if speared just below the head, will think only of escaping, and rays of all kinds are only dangerous if you put your limbs within range of their poisonous darts. This is not easy.

Barracuda used to scare me out of my wits at first. Finally, with the help of a wise fisherman in the Bahamas, I kept my wits and realized that the smallest fishes continued browsing in the presence of "the tiger of the seas." If they were not afraid, I reflected, it is obviously not lunchtime for barracuda. I have, since that day, speared and landed barracuda, but have found them most difficult to approach. Unlike bats, they fear us more than we fear them.

THERE is evidence from all over the world, accumulated through the ages, of sharks attacking and devouring human beings. In the face of such a wealth of facts, it seems bold to assert that spear-fishermen are not attacked by sharks. Yet I have travelled around the world and have been in the water in the immediate presence of many sharks. In the course of my journeys I have talked to almost every spear-fisherman of note and have read for years the magazines devoted to this sport. I have not yet found a single case of a man under water having been attacked by a shark. One may well wonder why? There is, as yet, no definite answer. It seems that the sharks which come into the relatively shallow waters near the shore where spear-fishermen swim are not man-eaters in the sense that they would attack a man on sight. We have also found that they will approach a swimmer with

any determination only if his head is out of the water. At that moment the swimmer is to them obviously not a fish (and even a nine-stone man, five-foot tall, is big as fish go).

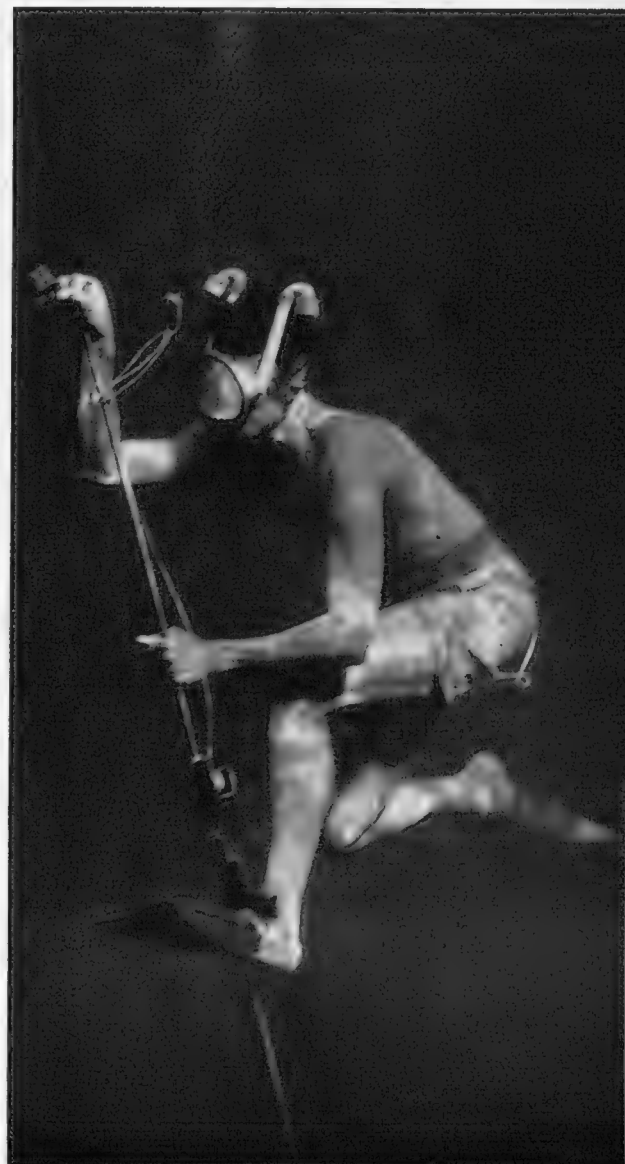
A shark only sees and smells two very large juicy limbs flapping about as though they were part of an animal in trouble. The breast stroke, the crawl, splashing about, are all movements that seem unnatural from the shark's eye view. They arouse his curiosity and, when he is near, he cannot resist having a bite. Polynesian pearl and sponge divers come to the surface with their arms up and are pulled into their outriggers in a flash. Left to his own devices, the wise spear-fisherman will continue swimming about looking as calm as he can with both his breathing tube and his heart in his mouth, and pretend to be a fancy kind of shark. So far, the sharks have been fooled by this.

SEARFISHING is now an established sport. The full testing, however, of man's skill and natural gifts has not yet come. Too many of us who claim to have acquired some skill at this new sport spend our time hunting fish which really correspond to rabbits on land. The waters protecting the British Isles are not entirely suitable for beginners in spearfishing. The cold water necessitates rubber suits and these involve lead weights up to ten pounds around the diver's waist. The great tides can be treacherous. For Britons and especially for beginners, spearfishing and ski-ing present similar problems and similar solutions. They can prepare themselves for both sports and keep fit at home, and enjoy themselves abroad.

Illustrations of equipment obtainable in London will be found on pages 128-9.

The Mediterranean is ideal for beginners at spearfishing. The sea is relatively warm and there is little danger of poisonous jellyfishes, corals, tides, high seas and currents, sharks. Beaches provide almost no food for fish and the famous playgrounds are too full of bathers and motorboats. The spear-fisherman will thus find his sport along the many rocky coasts of the Mediterranean as far as possible from professional fishermen. The Costa Brava, the South of France, the west coast of Italy, the Dalmatian coast, the Greek mainland and islands, Turkey, Lebanon and Israel are proven spearfishing grounds. The Spanish, French and Italian islands are particularly good and for those who venture farther most of the North African coast is excellent, too.

Here Vane Ivanović is "skin diving" in light equipment, practicable at depths of about ten to fifteen feet only



The sea imposes classic attitudes upon its invaders, as witness this picture of the author reloading a spear gun

Henry Tiarks



## A THYNNE RETURNS TO LONGLEAT

NONE of the Thynne family has lived at Longleat, Wiltshire, since the death in 1946 of the eighth Marquess of Bath. To maintain the house the present Lord Bath has made it one of the most popular show places in the country. Now his son and heir, Viscount Weymouth, lives in two rooms of the great house when he is down from Oxford, and is seen inspecting an eighteenth-century gaming table in one of the state apartments



## Roundabout

—Paul Holt

MR. CHARLES PARTRIDGE, of Stowmarket in Suffolk, puts it on record that one of the greatest losses to English society since World War Two is the ever-increasing disappearance of the nanny who used to reign supreme in the nurseries of our childhood.

He obviously sees the flickering fire, the fireguard, the flannel nightgown hung to warm. And nanny, whose "code of manners and morals" was so ruthless and so superb, preparing the wayward child for the cot before mother, smelling faintly of perfume, came in to say good night, the night-light left burning, the tinkly sounds of a party downstairs began.

Oh, nanny, what did you read, sitting upstairs alone in your very private room? I suspect it was Victoria Cross, or Michael Arlen. And yet the world, seen through your eyes, put cleanliness before godliness, and love ceased to be an economic gambit and became a hush-hush thing.

Is it because nanny finds the world too harsh nowadays that Britain is losing her

empire? Nanny always talked about duty and responsibility as though they were an adventure and she tried to make the point, in her gentle, simple way, that the white man's burden was as necessary to Master Robert as a spoonful of cough mixture or a grey powder.

Nanny sent the young man of yesterday out to the far-flung outposts in a dedicated mood and there he stuck for the rest of his life, giving service and teaching the natives the ineluctable fact that a fire-guard is a more important rule of life than a bush fire could ever be.

SUCH is Mr. Partridge's plea and I go with him.

It is sad to see the nanny disappearing from our life, for she brought to it qualities of loyalty and lent it a standard of conduct that will not easily be restored when she has gone.

But here is an angry man named Mervyn Evans, of Woodstock Road, Oxford, who says it is all our own fault.

We imposed upon nanny. We made use of her and, he thinks, she was almost the last example of the slave system in Western Europe, lasting out her time longer than the concubine.

BUT Mr. Evans is too harsh. Nanny loved her slavery. And this was because she loved to "belong." I do not doubt that she got more satisfaction from being the real dictator of Master Robert's behaviour than ever she could have got out of economic independence.

For do not forget that most nannies were once crossed in love in their youth. They took up the trade of child welfare as a sop and solace to their loneliness.

I see them daily, walking in Kensington Gardens, pushing their charges, and I can report that the nannies who are left to us are of splendid quality. Crisp, grim and powerful.

Mr. Evans of Oxford says that it is the duty of the mother to care for her child. What he means is that, having



driven the nanny out of business by underpaying her, there is nothing left for the mother to do but to take care of her child by herself.

**I** PLEAD that this will lead to chaos. A mother's life nowadays is far too full to find in it any place for attention to children. She is an amateur in the business and will either spoil or infuriate her child.

She has quite enough to do, taking care of her husband (whom she treats as a child anyway) and her house to have any heart for the curiously complicated business of making a boy into a man, a girl into a woman.

The French know this well.

Talleyrand, one of the greatest of Europeans, spent his childhood in a stable and saw his mother only once a day. Lord Byron, I am quite sure, behaved badly as a result of the fact that his early years were dominated by his mother, who was a vulgar woman and so shocked him when she came to call at Harrow, where he was at school, that ever after he treated women in the most abominable way.

Consider in contrast the behaviour of the most dominant statesmen of this present English age, Sir Winston Churchill and Mr. Clement Attlee. They shared as children the same nanny! You might say that democracy has been saved for the world by the authoritarian actions of this unfamous lady.

★ ★ ★

**T**HERE are poltergeists at work in the Burlington Arcade. In those pretty, sedate shops restless spirits from the next world slip in at night and shift the goods in the windows around.

I think I know what they like doing best.

They pounce at midnight on the chessmen, those beautiful but absurd pieces that grace more than one window, and they play wicked games in which QP 4 jumps to 6 to check the entrance of KB into the game. And since KK (white) looks like a sleepy dragon there is really nothing he can do about it.

★ ★ ★

**F**ORTUNE telling is a good party game. I was fascinated, the other night, to watch the faces of some highly intelligent friends of mine, who listened to a seer who sat on the floor and dealt the cards. They believed in every word she said, nodding gravely, until their own turn.

Then they began in turn to grin cynically. But I still think they took their own card fortunes quite seriously.

There came the moment when the seer said: "You are going to find love in a high building," and even then it seemed to impress them.

They are probably thinking about it now.

★ ★ ★

I drank a Spanish wine. It was a claret (word out of favour today) and it tasted of cool grape skins when the sun has left them.

A cool wine is a pleasure, for, as Mr. James Thurber has said "it makes no pretensions."



THE HEADMASTER OF ETON, Robert Birley, C.M.G., M.A., D.C.L., F.S.A., is the son of a distinguished member of the Indian Civil Service, and himself brings to his task the qualities of an inspired administrator as well as a scholar. From Rugby and Balliol—where he was Gladstone Memorial Prizewinner in 1924—he went to Eton for nine years as an assistant master, then spent twelve years as headmaster of Charterhouse. He was called to Germany in 1947 as Educational Adviser to the Military Governor, a task he fulfilled with great wisdom, returning two years later to Great Britain and his present office. Here with wide experience of the world, allied to the insight of a brilliant student of history, he has conducted the affairs of his great College with admirable tranquillity through years of crisis for the public school tradition.



## BALL IN A MEDIEVAL CASTLE

MORE than two hundred guests attended the very successful Royal Monmouthshire Royal Engineers (militia) annual ball, held in the officers mess of their headquarters, in the ancient castle at Monmouth, in Wales



Left: Mrs. Ann Rogers, Mr. R. Hamand, Mrs. Nora Kerr and Col. Richard Rogers who were all having supper together during the course of the evening

Right: Mr. J. S. E. Roche was talking to Major I. R. H. Probert. This regiment is believed to be the senior non-regular regiment in the whole British Army



William Tribe

### DINING IN

#### Golden accidents

—Helen Burke

MANY dishes have been discovered more or less by accident or incident. Hence their names.

There is the legend of the miller's wife who, with floury hands, took the trout, freshly caught by her husband, and dropped them into bubbling butter in the frying-pan.

The resulting crisp and delicious surface conferred the delightful name, "Truites à la Meunière," on one of the best of all ways of presenting this perfect little fish and, indeed, all other fish so cooked—flour-coated in the manner of the miller's wife!

She may not have sprinkled lemon juice on the trout, but that is now a "must."

Then there is Poulet Marengo.

The story of its origin says that, following the Battle of Marengo, there was a dinner to celebrate the victory. Napoleon's chef, far in advance of the commissariat, managed to get some chickens and there was, of course, olive oil, for they were in an area of olive groves. So he put together a dish which, for gourmets, commemorates the battle for all time.

Poulet Marengo is a good-tempered dish, for, if it must wait, it can, without dropping from peak flavour.

FOR four servings, buy a young chicken. Joint it and fry the pieces in olive oil to a pale gold. Add a chopped onion and continue to cook until it is transparent. Add a wineglass of dry white wine and cook gently to reduce the liquid by half. Now add two well chopped skinned and deseeded tomatoes, about  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint thin tomato purée, a clove of garlic, a bouquet garni, and pepper and salt to taste, cover and cook for twenty minutes. Finally, add eight to ten very small unpeeled mushrooms and cook for a further ten minutes.

Arrange the chicken and mushrooms on a heated

entrée dish, strain the sauce (freed of excess oil) over them and sprinkle with chopped parsley.

The *Haute Cuisine* adds fried eggs, cooked crayfish and croutons of bread. In the home, however, the crayfish, at least, can well be left out.

An excellent accompaniment is plain boiled new potatoes, glistened with butter.

If you have never deep-fat fried little wedges of Gruyère cheese to serve as a savoury, do just once. I think you will like them. Unwrap them early in the day, sprinkle with a little Cayenne pepper and roll in flour. Later, pass them through egg and breadcrumbs three times. This is to ensure that there are no bare places. Drop them into very hot oil and the surface should be golden brown in less than half a minute. Pop them on toast and get them to table in the shortest possible time. When the fork is pressed into each golden morsel, the liquid cheese will ooze out. Delicious!



Harcourt

### DINING OUT

#### Meal with a flourish

How many ingredients go to making a meal that one will always remember? Possibly four: the company, the wine, the food and the surroundings, the latter obviously being the least important. But if the

first three are dead right and the surroundings happen to be the Oliver Messel suite at the Dorchester, it really amounts to something.

Such an affair recently took place in that apartment. The hosts, Walter and Susan Nell, provided a round table for seventeen guests, among whom were those ever young and gay people, André and Mme. Simon, and also Lt.-Gen. Sir John Westall, Commandant General of the Royal Marines. Sherry and cocktails started the proceedings, while one looked out on to a wonderful panorama of at least half London.

As for the food, here is the menu and the wines that went with it:

Mousse de Merlan Auguste Escoffier	Clos du Maquisard 1949
Selle d'Agneau Grand Duc Petits Pois à la Française Pomme Parisienne	Chateau Haut-Brion 1943
La Soufflé au Citron Compote d'Orange Friandises	Pol Roger Extra Cuvée 1943
Le Café	Brandy, Liqueurs

Very well balanced, undoubtedly the work of the *maitre chef des cuisines*, M. Jean Kaufeler, who appeared at the conclusion to be congratulated and to take a glass of wine with the guests.

ALTHOUGH our host is chairman of one of the great dairy chains and was supported by experts on the subject of milk, no sign of the product was visible, except that M. Kaufeler assures me cream is used in the preparation of *Mousse de Merlan Auguste Escoffier*. This is how it was served, the *mousse* being made with whiting (in case anybody has forgotten the translation of *merlan*), containing a touch of tarragon, mushrooms and brandy, worked up with cream, and then filled with slices of scallops and mussels. The sauce is prepared with the liquor of these ingredients, a little fish stock and white wine, with additional cream, this being finally garnished with lobster claws.

I have not gone into more detail because it is a complicated dish best left to a *maitre chef*, but by this time your mouth should be watering.

—I. Bickerstaff



## SPINSTERS' THREAD DREW DANCERS

THE Spinsters Ball was inaugurated in 1911 by Captain Sutton for those debutantes living in the New Forest area. Held at Brockenhurst, it has since become one of the major social events of the winter season in this part of Hampshire.



Miss June Sarsen was dancing with A/Cdre. R. Ramsay-Rae. Over 400 guests from all parts of the country came to the ball



Two keen dancers were Miss Elizabeth Hoffman, from London, and Lt. Donald Cremer, of H.M.S. Mercury



Mr. J. R. D. de Uphaugh, who is a follower of the New Forest Beagles, with Miss Mary Patterson-Fox



Left: Five pretty spinsters on the staircase were Miss Anne Paris, Miss Diana Paris (hon. secretary), Miss Bennett, Miss N. Waud and Miss Susan Barber



Right: Miss Jean Waller, who lives at Boldre Grange, Lymington, Hampshire, was listening intently to Mr. William Lindsell, of Milford-on-Sea

Victor Yorke



## Priscilla in Paris

# Modernising St. Joan



MISS OLGA DETERDING is the daughter of the late Sir Henry Deterding and of Lady Deterding. She was brought up in England and took her M.A. at Edinburgh University. Her mother has a beautiful villa at Neuilly-sur-Seine, at which this photograph was taken



MRS. JOHN BEITH is the wife of the Counsellor at the British Embassy in Paris. She is the daughter of Sir John Gilmour, Bt., of Liberton and Craigmillar, and a niece of the Duchess of Marlborough

F. J. Goodman

How easy it is to seem ungrateful even when one does not feel so, and how uncomfortable it makes one!

Having received, in the well-meant guise of a New Year offering, a particularly monstrous *objet d'art*, I can sympathise with the municipal councillors of Paris to whom a famous foreign sculptor has presented a statue of Joan of Arc. It is a handsome affair, in bronze and of acutely modern inspiration. Unfortunately there are four effigies of the Maid in Paris already. All four are of classic persuasion and stand in classic surroundings. So far our ædiles seem unable to discover a fitting background for the noble but embarrassing gift.

Perhaps the wise thing to do would be to wait a little longer. Paris is changing all the time. Beloved landmarks are coming down, curious new buildings are going up. Hoop la! Some day yet another Corbusier will be making-over the Champs Elysées or the Place de la Concorde. It may be that we shall see King Albert of Belgium, on his finely modelled charger, pushed off in order to make room for the fifth Joan and her Rozinante with its mane and tail of galvanised accordion pleating.

THIS sad thought came to me one sunlit morning as I watched the queue forming up at the entrance leading to the public gallery of the National Assembly. Paris was looking her wintry but golden best, the Seine slapped cheerily against her recently cleaned stone banks and, looking across the river, I thought how well placed was King Albert's statue at the Concorde end of the Cours la Reine.

It was a strange crowd that waited, so early, for the sitting that would only start in the mid-afternoon. It was hemmed in by the wooden barriers that come out on rare occasions, since it is only in moments of stress that the Frenchman-in-the-street exercises his privilege of access to the affairs of State. There were comfortably dressed working people, obviously taking a day off; shabby *petits bourgeois* and less shabby shopkeepers. . . . It was a drab little crowd composed of rather sardonic looking citizens. I wondered why they were there and whether they were having another shot at trying—as I have so often tried—to understand something about the intricate game of party politics as played in this beautiful country.

WHEN I was a child in London there was a toyshop near Kensington Gardens that had a "penny tray." There were dozens of enchanting things one could buy for a penny in those days. Best of all was the metal tube with a spyhole at one end and, at the other, pieces of coloured glass that, as the tube was turned, fashioned themselves into exciting, multicoloured patterns. Fascinating shapes that flew apart and re-formed into something else just as





Betty Swaebe

A GROUP OF CHARMING STUDENTS at Mme. Bouè's finishing school in Paris. Behind: Miss Melanie Hoare; Miss Morella Kearton; Miss Jean Metcalfe; Miss Tessa Williams; Miss Susan Guyer; Miss Fay Coker. In front: Miss Precelly Davies-Scourfield; Miss Greselda Garforth; Miss Penelope Hanbury; Miss Sara Buxton; Miss Felicity and Miss Penelope Drew

surprising at every movement. Occasionally one of the larger fragments of glass became the hub of the more stoutly built groups and seemed to keep in position for longer than usual. One hardly dared breathe lest the slightest tremor disintegrate the pleasing pattern of the moment. . . .

*L'Assemblée Nationale* might well be named "The Great Kaleidoscope." Just now we are beginning to breathe and France is ardently hoping that the disturbing fragments of glass will cease to rotate. Marianne's New Year gift to Premier Mendès-France is, prosaically but lovingly: a dollop of glue!

CURRENTLY, the Théâtre de Paris is delighting us with what is called over here a "police comedy," which is simply a more elaborate way of saying "thriller!" The title is *Affaire Vous Concernant*, and when I received the invitation printed on what seemed to be an official convocation from the Prefecture de Police a little cold trickle went down my spine. Quite certainly there must be an exact translation of this in police parlance

but, unfortunately, I do not know it. Anyway, one should never reveal the plot of a *comédie policière*; it suffices to say that, as an entertainment, this one has everything—thrills, laughs, brilliant acting, fine décor and a last-curtain surprise that is really startling although, in the first act . . . but here I am treading on dangerous ground.

Someone who had a less pleasant surprise than the audience was the actor who discovered that the key of his handcuffs had been mislaid. He had to go to the prefecture to be freed. Missing the last train to a distant suburb he was sent home in a police car and is now trying to live down the fact that the chauffeur drove him up to his front door with the siren going at full blast!

### Première Leçon

From the late Robert de Jouvenel's "*Journalisme En Vingt Leçons*"; "Our democracy boasts, amongst other things, of its regimen of opinions. It is unfortunate that, in reality, there are no opinions, only newspapers!"



Mme. Bouè in the study of her school, which is in a beautiful old house in the Rue Erlanger, near the Bois de Boulogne. Her pupils attend the opera, ballet and theatre as part of their training



## At the Theatre

# Come to the fair

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

THE Crazy Gang, as a gang, have been going now for close on a quarter of a century. Opening *Jokers Wild*, their new show at the Victoria Palace, they line up like a row of old cheeses and sing "Be your age!"

Among the *doubles entendres* of this almonitory ditty we may catch a broad hint that with these old cheeses ripeness is all: they feel that they can afford after all these years' crazy activity to relax a little.

Anyway, that is what they proceed to do. But, bless their hearts, it makes no sort of difference to us; for, when we come to think of it, these lowest of low comedians have never done anything else.

The secret of their popularity has always been that they have the trick of relaxing in such a way that their audiences relax with them. Time was when their relaxation took the form of spreading craziness across the footlights, into the boxes, up the aisles of the auditorium, even, in the first flush of inspiration, into the foyer itself; and the more introverted cowered at their rumbustious approach.

IN those days they were engaged in breaking up the mould of the old-time music-hall—and it is one of life's little ironies that it is the iconoclasts who to-day preserve what is left of the speech of that transmogrified institution. They are more restrained now.

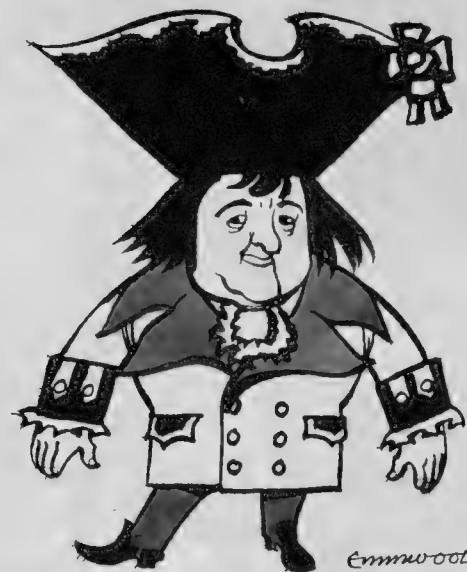
Yet when they are let loose on the stage to harry one another they can still keep the

whole house laughing, part of it deliriously, and high-minded critics, with one or two luckless exceptions, lean back and survey the scene as indulgently as though they were holidaying some Whit Monday on Hampstead Heath. Any day with the Crazy Gang is a Cockney Bank Holiday.

ON the high spot of their present show they are an awful medley of cronies cleaning railway carriages and serving tea from a platform trolley. Analysing the comic is a grim business at the best of times. It would be grotesque to try it on this sketch. One can only state the conviction that Knox's loyal efforts not to sneeze into the public sugar is the climax of an extremely funny affair which involves a honeymoon couple, a bear, and carriage doors which jam when the handles are turned but open with embarrassing consequences when the handles of adjacent carriages are turned.

But this is a purely personal preference. Others may find the high spot in a venomous pastiche of *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, with Knox as a debonair Sir Percy and Flanagan as Chauvelin, whose romantic adventures are bedevilled by Nervo and Naughton sitting in a stage box as ambassadors who cannot make head or tail of the historical drama.

Better material, theoretically at least, is their mime of bell-ringing monks, which has been borrowed from Paris, but on the first night they did no more than indicate, I think, how droll it will become with further practice. The curtain goes up to discover



VIVE LA FRANCE! Jimmy Gold heavily disguised as a devoted son of the French Revolution in "The Scarlet Pimpernel"

them as monks solemnly pulling the ropes to the music of the old tune, "Frère Jacques." Slowly their solemnity gives way to a dignified gaiety. Soon the ropes are being transferred from hand to hand and have become the ribbons of a maypole. They have passed from religious rite to pagan frolic. The arrival of a shocked superior sends them moving without fuss back from frolic to rite.

Once the gang have perfected their rhythm this will no doubt become the funniest thing of the evening. I have no such hopes for the skit on "What's My Line?" which seems to require re-writing or even quiet elimination.

THE rest of the show is more spectacular than choral, and there are some good things in it. The John Tiller Girls have one dance which lifts well-drilled regimentation into a kind of beauty. The Dolinoffs are acrobatic dancers who cock an effective snook at gravity with the help of Raya, a strong man invisible against a black cloth. Mr. Kenneth Sandford is the most tuneful of the singers. But these are mere accessories to the Crazy Gang's exhilarating parody of Cockney life.



"FRÈRE JACQUES FRÈRE JACQUES DORMEZ-VOUS, DORMEZ-VOUS!" Four merry monks fairly set the welkin ringing in this hilariously funny sketch. (Charlie Naughton, Teddy Knox, Bud Flanagan and Jimmy Nervo)





Armstrong Jones

## AN ARISTOCRAT OF THE STAGE

IN her fifty years in the theatre Gladys Cooper has played every type of part from Lady Macbeth to Peter Pan. To all of them she has brought a personality of rare distinction and poise, and an ageless beauty of face and figure. In *The Night of the Ball*, in which she is seen (left) with Tony Britton and Brian Oulton, she plays an aristocrat who is wise, witty and gay. Wendy Hiller also stars in this highly civilized play, the entire action of which takes place during a London ball

### At the Ballet

## THREE STRANGE FANDANGOS

A STRONG case could be made for including one established ballet in each of the Sadler's Wells' programmes at Covent Garden. This would ensure against an evening of untrammelled mediocrity and possibly even give some of our undoubted stars an opportunity to exhibit a little skill.

Here at the hour of Diaghileff remembered, it might prove enchanting to taste again the lush delights of *The Good-humoured Ladies*, or the *Boutique*. Either would be a welcome substitute for *Mam'zelle Angot*, a perfunctory little romp based on some undistinguished tinklings by a composer called Lecoq, who was rated fairly high in 1873. The story seemed interminable, but did, in fact, run to only three acts and made more demands on the audience than the *corps de ballet*.

Then followed *Rinaldo and Armida*, a

newcomer, but of the dear old Daddy Maeterlinck ("Let's both die in an early UFA film fog") school.

THIS piece at least was tricked out with a decorative set, a sort of funeral version of that used in *Le Loup*, and one superb costume worn with faultless grace by Svetlana Beriosova. The lady was called upon to do little else, but she redeemed the occasion with her presence, which had infinitely more authority about it than Mr. Ashton's choreography.

The final item, also new, was presumably the high spot, *Variations on a Theme by Purcell*, by our own, our very own, Benjamin Britten. This proved a rather formal

eighteenth-century affair in a curved garden setting by Peter Snow, dominated by an unkind caricature-bust of Purcell.

It had for me much of the charm of an anchovy meringue. The ladies frolicked gravely around, dressed as powder-puffs draped with voile, for no especial reason, and there was a curious *aide de camp* (a just word) danced by Alexander Grant, who gave a display suggesting that he would make a satisfactory master of ceremonies in the Fairy Grotto ballroom, Blackpool.

Messrs. Covent Garden, heavily subsidised for our edification and welfare, should consider the absent ghost of Diaghileff.

With apprehension.

★ ★ ★

THE Arts Theatre Club is introducing a cabaret for its dining members. At the opening Miss Miriam Karlin was in charge of the proceedings in company with a young crooning person "direct from the Folies Bergères." Miss K. proved quite capable of overriding this disadvantage. She has an ebullient music-hall personality when she unlooses it and can triumph over a poor script as if it were some of Marie Lloyd's best patter. When she decides to employ an expert she should become one of the best of our rumbustious entertainers.

—Youngman Carter



Rowena Jackson, Alexander Grant, Nadia Nerina and Elaine Fifiield in *Variations on a Theme by Purcell*

## A BALLERINA IN HER NEW FILM

MOIRA SHEARER, as the ballet dancer, Olga, in *The Man Who Loved Redheads*, is one of the four entirely different characters which she plays in the film that Terence Rattigan has adapted from his play, *Who is Sylvia?* Although Miss Shearer has left the world of ballet for that of stage and films, it is hoped that the public will often still have the pleasure of seeing her dance in those mediums as she did in the exquisite and unforgettable *The Red Shoes*



### Television

#### RABBIE'S NIGHT

**Freda Bruce Lockhart**

TO-NIGHT'S O.B. of a Burns evening from Ayr is one of those gambles in which producers and viewers share. It may prove a revel or it may turn out a frost. At least it is a legitimate occasion for looking in.

The truly personal note is too seldom struck on TV. So Monday evening's reminiscing by that most venerable actor Arthur Wontner promises a treat. But need the B.B.C. really wait for so many of its personalities to attain their eightieth birthdays before coming to the camera? I remember Moray Maclaren's much younger personal talk a year ago as a landmark in TV.

Besides Mr. Wontner and the next instalment of "War in the Air," Monday offers the film of the *Drawings of Leonardo da Vinci*, specially made for the British Film Institute and the Arts Council. Directed by Basil Wright, with a commentary spoken by Sir Laurence Olivier, this notable film is sure of a wider showing on TV than it could expect in the commercial cinema for a long time. On the same evening that variable series "The Conductor Speaks" has the benefit of Sir John Barbirolli and the Hallé Orchestra.

Earlier the same evening, the new young comedian, Dave King, takes over Benny Hill's "Show Case"—one of the few TV comedy shows which would give him something to live up to.

For our light entertainment, planners have tripped over themselves to give us two of their best singers on successive evenings: Joan Regan in "Starlight" to-night, and to-morrow the Yugoslav Viera with her guitar.

I hold out a diffident hope that *Mink for Milady* to-morrow may be above the usual bargain-basement level. But I shall not be able to repress visions of Bea Lillie as the maid bowed under the weight of her mistress's mink.



### Gramophone Notes

#### BÉCAUD THE LYRIST

A NEW name and a new voice with which to start 1955; both belong to Gilbert Bécaud. He is French, and it is not so very long ago that his first gramophone records were released in his native land. Already the supplements contain an increasing list of titles he has recorded, already he has made a big success in the U.S.A., which indeed is not surprising.

Gilbert Bécaud, like many of his compatriots in the world of art, writes his own lyrics. They are slick, witty, chic and sincere, for M. Bécaud is nothing if not versatile.

On his first recordings available here (they are on the special order list, please note) he sings four amazingly contrasting songs. The first, "Quand tu dances," shows his exceptional sense of rhythm and style. Its companion is "Mé-Qué," the song which enjoyed tremendous popularity during the middle of last year, though this interpretation has that distinctiveness about it that so many versions lacked.

HIS mood changes when he sings the sentimental "Que toi." In this, Gilbert Bécaud demonstrates the value of ease and restraint in a way that makes one want to hear him again and again.

To complete the quartet he chooses "Je veux te dire adieu," the kind of song you might expect Johnnie Ray to sing, and indeed there is just a hint of the Ray technique about the interpretation, but it is only a hint, for Bécaud is essentially French.

I shall be very surprised if he does not one day become *chanteur* Number One of France. There is no reason to suppose that he won't; rather, is there every indication, by these recordings alone, that he will.

And having recently seen a distinguished compatriot of Gilbert Bécaud's on our TV screens, I would add that the time is surely ripe for a new male entertainer to emerge from France. (H.M.V. JOF. 89, JOF. 97.)

—Robert Tredinnick



## At the Pictures

## A major triumph

Elspeth Grant\*

THE people who, at the mention of *Carmen Jones*, raise their hands in horror and seem prepared to take-off for outer space, spurning an Earth in which such a movie could be made, are, to my mind, crackers. I cannot see that Mr. Oscar Hammerstein II. has committed any sin in modernising Bizet's *Carmen*, converting it from opera into a musical play, giving it an American setting and an all-Negro cast. I am, in fact, enraptured by Mr. Hammerstein's bold and brilliantly executed experiment.

He has done nothing by halves. His *Carmen*, though living in the Deep South, is not in the tobacco business: she works in a parachute factory. Bizet's José, the luckless lover, has been transformed into Joe, an upright U.S. Air Force corporal—and the bull-fighter, Escamillo, has, with a nice appreciation of the onomatopœic, been made over into Husky Miller, a boxing champ.

MUSICALLY, I don't think you can fault Mr. Hammerstein: he has retained all the major arias, which are impeccably sung, and if the words have been translated into a modern idiom ("And if I love you, baby, that's the end of you," runs the Habanera) that is surely, in the circumstances, perfectly correct. The dialogue, containing such lines as "The air is getting mighty unconditioned round here," is taut and tough and as it should be, for Mr. Hammerstein has an admirable sense of style. It's my belief that Messrs. Prosper Merrimée and Georges Bizet, somewhere among the shades, are purring with pleasure at the renewed hope he has given them of immortality.

Miss Dorothy Dandridge, the ravishing *café-au-lait* Carmen, exudes more sex-appeal than any other six Hollywood actresses put together. Beside her, in the matter of wanton hip-wiggling, Miss Marilyn Monroe would look like something precocious in the kindergarten—yet, preserved by some innate, fiery integrity, this Carmen, though clearly a wild one, is never a trollop. The voice of Miss Marilyn Horne, who sings the role, is beautifully matched to this passionate personality.

JOE (sung by Mr. Le Vern Hutcherson with feeling) is excellently played by Mr. Harry Belafonte—a tall, handsome, bronze creature, upon seeing whom my pallid neighbour at the Press showing muttered "I don't know why anybody

wants to be white." Mr. Belafonte offers a genuinely moving study in degradation through infatuation. Miss Olga James, as Cindy Lou, who loves him, has great pathos and a tiny singing voice of exceptional sweetness.

As Frankie, the good-time gal who lures Carmen to Chicago, Miss Pearl Bailey is a rogue in earthenware and Mr. Joe Adams makes Husky Miller a bully-boy-in-spades.

The film has been produced and directed with something approaching genius by Mr. Otto Preminger, and is in CinemaScope with pleasantly subdued colour by De Luxe. I have promised myself the pleasure of seeing it again.

I GUESSED that *The Bridges at Toko-Ri* would be a war film and, of course, I was right. I am heartily sick of war films, but I have to admit that this one, made with an efficiency that verges on the appalling, is of considerable interest. For one thing, it lacks the usual Hollywood thumping enthusiasm for the subject—it could even have been made by somebody as weary of wars as most of us.

Mr. Fredric March, a sad-eyed admiral whose two sons have been killed, commands an aircraft-carrier operating off the Korean coast. His favourite jet-plane pilot, Mr. William Holden, crashes into the sea but is happily rescued by Mr. Mickey Rooney in a helicopter (and, for no known reason, a coy green opera hat). Mr. March, as gently as possible, tells Mr. Holden that though he realises he has had a horrid experience, there is one possibly more unpleasant in store for him: Mr. Holden is to bomb the strongly-defended bridges spanning narrow mountain gorges at Toko-Ri.

"Why," Mr. Holden demands bitterly, "am I, a lawyer from Denver, here, fighting this war? Why am I fighting?" "It is always the wrong war, in the wrong place," says the admiral, with a look of ineffable pity and fatigue, "and we fight because we happen to be there."

ALTHOUGH the film is not particularly profound, there is about it a certain gravity which I found eminently satisfactory. Its most notable features are its superb camerawork—the bombing is splendidly shot—and the enthralling spectacle of jet-planes being launched from and—which is positively breath-taking in its speed and realism—landing on the deck of the aircraft-carrier.

• Deputising for Dennis W. Clarke.



THE BAKER OF VALORGUE stars Fernandel as a village baker who refuses to sell bread to the villagers while they slander his son. This new French film opens shortly at Studio One



Sunday morning in the little village of Valorgue, in Provence. The crowds are waiting to greet the winner of the regional cycle tour, Justin, the maligned son of the unpopular baker



Justin (Francis Linel) is greeted by his sweetheart, Françoise (Pierette Bruno), daughter of the village grocer, after the race. The film also stars Henri Vilbert and Madeleine Sylvain



Earl Beatty was at the ball with his beautiful American-born wife. There were some 400 guests, and the next morning the hunt met on the green at Guilsborough



The Hon. Lady Hardy, who is a sister of Lord Hindlip, was talking to the hon. sec. of the ball, Major J. A. Warre, and to Mrs. George Lowther



Mrs. J. G. Lowther was chatting to Lady Rose Macdonald-Buchanan and her husband, Capt. J. Macdonald-Buchanan. Lady Rose is the sister of the Earl of Westmorland



Left: Mr. Philip Bryant and Mr. Adrian Farquhar were listening to Miss Anne Bendle. Members of many neighbouring hunts attended the ball



Right: Mr. and Mrs. David Keith, who had come over for the ball from their home in Norfolk, where Mr. Keith farms



# A PRINCESS DANCES AT THE PYTCHLEY

WHILE staying at Cottesbrooke Hall, H.R.H. Princess Alexandra attended the Pytchley hunt ball held at the home of Captain G. H. Lowther, one of the joint-Masters, and Mrs. Lowther, at Holdenby House, Northampton



Having a quiet talk by the fire were Mr. and Mrs. Archie Kidston, who have a house at Newmarket, Miss G. Hewett and Mr. T. Brooke



Miss Lindsey Frazer and Mr. Brinsley Black were dancing together. The Pytchley country is famous for its large fields and high, strongly-fenced enclosures



Above: Major P. Cripps with Lady Margaret Myddleton, who lives at Chirk Castle, in Wales. She is the sister of the eighth Marquess of Lansdowne

Right: H.R.H. Princess Alexandra dancing with Major Reggie Macdonald-Buchanan. H.R.H. was staying with Major and the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan for the week-end

# Standing By ...

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

**B**LOCKHOUSE POINT, Portsmouth Harbour—it occurred to us when lately in those breezy parts—is certainly one of the "forgotten minor showplaces of American interest" which, as a thinker was recently howling, should all be refurbished and listed by the tourist-racket. All the Point needs is a tall gallows with a Scots citizen twirling in chains, costing very little. (Costume by Motley, wig by Clarkson.)

The citizen would represent "John the Painter," born James Hill, the Scottish-American *saboteur* who took the high-jump in 1777 for setting fire to Portsmouth Dockyard. The Painter was on the payroll of Mr. Silas Dean, American Ambassador in Paris, and was to have covered every major British naval depot in rotation, but at Bristol (see the Newgate Calendar) he went curiously haywire, burning a few private houses as well. This led to his capture and must have annoyed Mr. Dean thenceforth not a little, since all the smart philosophic salons of Paris might be led to suspect thereby that the Painter was stinko; a suspicion which would, at that time, shock the French greatly, the newborn Republic of the West being the home of Rousseau's Noble Savage and all the primal virtues.

## Afterthought

**L**oss of face for Mr. Dean was thus inevitable unless he had a quick comeback.

"Mais, Excellence, c'est impossible!"  
"Vive la Liberté!"

A good strong voice, an impressive flourish, and an ever-ready bromide to sandbag the dopes with—where would the big boys be without these? Don't trouble to tell us.

## Jungle

**I**N Bloomsbury, where unwashed sweethearts with manes like distracted pit-ponies undergo fearful trials daily at the hands of baboon-like shapes for the sake of Integrity in Art, they take a poor view of a recent suggestion by Mr. Ernest Newman, namely, that to write an opera like Verdi's *Otello* you don't necessarily have to suffocate your wife with a bolster beforehand.

Along Charlotte Street the other night, during a quick dip into the jungle, the boys and girls pointed out to us that a *fully-integrated* Verdi might not be able to suffocate his wife, owing to her sharing an apartment (if herself fully integrated) with three large, well-doped Negro

gunmen; but he'd want to *try*, for the sake of his musical integrity. And anyhow, they added, he could suffocate someone else's. Frowzy Freda was always being semi-strangled at parties, they said, and only last week one of Dirty Gertie's big toes was found in Fitzroy Square, wrapped in the Sports Page of the *New Statesman*. All this stimulates creative self-expression, they said. Only a bourgeois-fascist like Verdi would write *Otello* before correlating his "I" with his "not-I."

You score off these types by quoting Sartre, who boasts of being made physically sick by the thought of his own existence. In Bloomsbury they've only got round so far to producing this effect on sensitive outsiders. Laugh! Well, there.

## Cache

**R**EMARKING, in an interesting Society of Arts lecture to children on the spy racket, that the memsahibs make (contrary to popular belief) very poor professional spies, Mr. Bernard Newman did not touch on the mechanics of the subject. Maybe it would have bored the little ones, apart from the diagrams. Nevertheless it is, in its way, fascinating.

As everybody knows, a typical healthy girl spy of the Edwardian Era could successfully secrete a whole dossier of stolen documents in her corsage, sometimes without removing them from her infatuated victim's despatch-case, whereas a girl spy of today can hardly secrete a stolen microfilm without giving the game away. It is not merely a matter of change in costume, but (an aged ex-diplomat assures us) a change in build, girl spies having grown much smaller and wizened and painfully emaciated, like other girls. They certainly can't emulate those conscientious Edwardian sweethearts in the racket who fell for the handsome young attaché, forgot to swipe the plans, and did the next best thing. A very sweet spy, built on Gibson Girl lines, named Maisie Dewhurst was noted for this. Read on.

## Gift

**I**N the Secret Service archives a charming scene (1905) is recorded between Maisie (J 56) and the dread C 9:

C 9: What! No plans, Miss Dewhurst?

J 56 (*dimpling*): He was such a darling I forgot. I'm so sorry.

C 9: I suppose you know the consequences?

J 56 (*opening big violet eyes*): Oh, but I've brought you something *much* nicer! (*Dips into corsage.*)



Here are the complete prose works of Ralph Waldo Emerson, the great American thinker!

C 9: Ten handsome volumes! This is indeed a delightful surprise!

Today it would be a new radio, or a Hoover, or a set of Ming jars, or something equally nice. But as we say, modern girls are not built for storage, and we must be getting along before Bogey catches us.

## Snoop

**A**BOUT three minutes, we calculate, is the time it would have taken the six enchanted swan-princes in the Hans Andersen story to bite the pants off any birdwatchers snooping in the vicinity. But it seems that the cut-direct was the *mot d'ordre* of those six young swans of Hayling Island, Hants., who recently attracted Press publicity by returning daily to their birth-place to cheer a weak brother unable to fly, regardless of popping eyes in the long grass. Maybe some Hampshire witch had embraced this in her curse ("... krazy, naxy, xaxy, gribbity, er, bibbity, and lay off the bird-watchers, see?")

Officially speaking, a chap in close touch with the birdwatching racket tells us, encounters with enchanted swans of the aggressive or Andersen type are treated as strictly routine. ("Major Bursting again deprived forcibly of his trousers by fairy swans. No developments. Advise all watching-posts Area 157.") Complaints and demands for compensation are rejected on Form BW/IP/r8, which is headed by a photograph of Rodin's famous statue—often called *Le Penseur*—of a nude French birdwatcher, with the caption: "You have lost little for the Cause—he lost all." Shamed by the Thinker's calm, penetrating gaze, even in these embarrassing circumstances, at some bird unknown, the angriest claimant pipes down.

It may also be that the Hayling Island swans, too softbeaked as yet for effective action, are merely biding their time, like the tiny Jacobins of Toulouse (or somewhere) with their banner during the Terror inscribed: "Tremble, tyrants! We shall grow up!" After you with the binoculars, Mumsie.

## BRIGGS



—by Graham





*Left: A radiance spreads from the town up the darkened mountain, as the lights that illuminate the slalom track for night racing are switched on*

## FLOODLIGHTS ON THE MOUNTAINSIDE

KITZBUHEL, in the Austrian Tyrol, has always been a popular skiing resort in Europe, and was the first in Austria to become fashionable. Facilities for the sport improve every year with more ski-lifts, and next season a new cable funicular will be completed.



*Mr. and Mrs. Graham Mackay. Mr. Mackay is the Hon. Secretary of the Kitzbuhel Curling Club, that ancient and popular sport*



*The Hon. David St. Clair Erskine and his son Jonathan leaving for a tour. Mr. Erskine is a son of the fifth Earl of Rosslyn. He lives at Goudhurst, in Kent*



*Princess Alexander Croy on the steps with her three children, Charlotte, Maxim and Emma. The princess's father was General Sir William Campbell*



*Among those who were starting out for a day's ski-ing were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Berenson. Mrs. Berenson is well known as "Gogo" Schiaparelli*

R. H. Schloss

## PONIES LED THE WAY AT WILTSHIRE MEET

ADULTS took a back seat when the Wilton Hunt Pony Club had a meet at Charlton, near Salisbury. Here Miss Nichola and Mr. Anthony Mather, children of Major F. J. Mather, were eagerly watching hounds draw a piece of kale



*Tom and Damer Colville were two of the young horsemen who were anxious to move on to the next cover*



*Morris*

### At The Races

## SOME MIGHTY JUMPS

IT is something more than probable that Irish Lizard's enormous jump over a Cheltenham fence on December 29th last year may have been quite as long a distance as that of Chandler, at Warwick, many years ago. That horse won the Grand National in 1848, but it was in this race at Warwick that he put up an extraordinary performance over a brook. It has been said that this happened in the National Hunt Steeplechase, but that event was not established until 1860, when it and the race of the following year were won by horses owned by Mr. B. J. Angell, commonly known as "Cherry."

Chandler was credited with having cleared 37 ft., and this has been held to be a record, excepting for one which I was told was put up in the Quorn country during the Mastership of the famous Lord Lonsdale. He told me that a hunter that he was riding jumped 49 ft. If that was so, Chandler was well beaten!

Now in this present case of Irish Lizard, he left the ground before he was inside the wings of the fence. The exact distance of these things I think we may say is usually about two horse's lengths—a horse's length being 8 ft. from head to croup.

IF this calculation is right, then Irish Lizard must have stood away about 16 ft. from the fence and he cannot have landed very much less than that on the other side. It is therefore permissible to believe that the actual distance he covered was very much the same as that jumped by Chandler.

Anyway there cannot have been much in it, and I think it is a pity that no one thought of taking any measurements when it was seen

what a prodigious leap he had made. Horses will clear enormous distances, and I personally recall a case in which a measurement was taken. It was a gallop over hurdles by a mare named Bonita, owned by a very old friend of mine, Mr. Alaric Butler. She was a very big animal, the pace was very great and there had been no previous hoof marks. The space between the two marks was 33 ft., which is a very long way.

AFTER four horses were killed in last year's Grand National everyone, I suppose, expected that we should have a revival of the criticisms of the great steeplechase and a general attempt to debunk it. To some extent this succeeded, and it has been aided, no doubt, by the large number of well-endowed three-milers, which can now be picked up at various courses where the obstacles are not as formidable as those at Aintree; but I predict quite confidently that the Grand National will always hold its place because it is unique and the glory of riding the winner can never fade. If they abolished the V.C. people would not cease to be valorous!

A useful constructive criticism is that the "Park" fences should be strengthened. The necessity for this has been obvious for very many years, and the failure to carry it out has been one of the main causes for the high percentage of falls in the Grand National. A horse knows very quickly when he can take a liberty, and if he has been galloping over a lot of obstacles he knows that he can brush through, something unpleasant is simply bound to happen when he meets one that can hit back.

COMING to hard fact, only two of the falls in the 1954 Grand National were due to the fences. Dominic's Bar dropped dead from heart disease before he had jumped a fence at all; Legal Joy was a loose horse when he fell over some rails, which had nothing whatever to do with the steeplechase course. The other two falls were the kind of thing which can happen in any steeplechase anywhere! Unfortunate, but then omelettes have never been made without breaking eggs. Of course Aintree is stiff, and it is meant to be jumped.

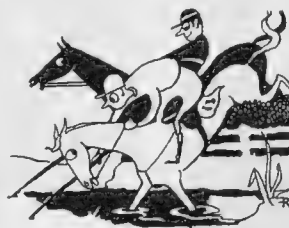
—SABRETACHE



*Lord Folkestone and Mr. B. W. Gibbon. Major F. J. Mather entertained followers before the move-off*



*Sir Thomas Berney, Bt., from Downton, chatting with Major-Gen. H. R. Swinburn and his son Richard*





## THE SOUTH DORSET HUNT GAVE BALL AT LULWORTH

SOME 250 members and guests of the South Dorset gathered at the Officers' Club, Lulworth Camp, for the annual hunt ball, and the ensuing evening was generally considered the most successful of recent years



Miss Elaine Carrick, Miss Jill Walley and Miss Jenifer Milligan were sitting out on the staircase for refreshments



Mr. Robin Calkin, Miss W. St. Barbe Gundry, Mr. David Calkin, Miss Ann Marston and, seated, Miss Macfarlane



Talking over local hunting conditions were Mr. D. Rudd, Miss Belle Atkinson, Mr. Guy Woolatt and Miss Jill Mansell



Miss Anna Oakley, P/O. Michael Tarver, Miss Anthea Dundas, Mr. M. Reve, Mr. J. Oakley and Miss Gill Hall-Smith

Victor Yorke

## A NEW NOVELIST

Miss Isabel Quigly, whose first novel, *The Eye of Heaven*, is reviewed here, is still in her twenties but has already gained a considerable reputation as a reviewer and contributor to newspapers and magazines. Much of her novel is set in Italy, a country of which she has a considerable first-hand knowledge



Vivienne

## Book Reviews by Elizabeth Bowen

## Commonsense on Burns

MAURICE LINDSAY, in writing his *ROBERT BURNS* (Macgibbon and Kee; 18s.), deals with the Man, his Work, and the Legend. He also delivers a knockout blow to a good deal of sentimental Burnsism. Much of the Burns cult has gone too far: to the non-Scot it is wearisome, putting-off; and to a Scot (himself a poet and critic), impassioned for the authentic genius and for the realities of his country, fictionalised nonsense becomes anathema.

Mr. Lindsay's book is, accordingly, not only a biography and a study but a re-statement. His writing is deliberately at a low pitch: astringent, informative and cool. Here and there, however, anger breaks out.

ROBERT BURNS died, in anxiety and poverty, in 1796, aged thirty-seven. In the 150 years since then, his reputation has been subject to a violent pendulum-swing. He was first denounced, as he has since been idolised, for the wrong reasons. Dr. James Currie, of Liverpool, who weighed in shortly after Burns's death in the role of posthumous editor, was, it appears,

a rabid teetotaler, entirely out of sympathy with the character of the man with whose poems and letters he took such astonishing liberties, and through whose life-story he persistently

placed a moral warning on the fate which awaits those who succumb to the temptations of strong drink.

Dr. Currie's morality fairly galloped away with him (he had met the poet once, for a few minutes), and for some time nobody corrected the distorted picture. The idea of Burns as a besotted womaniser remained.

THIS linked up with that other, deep-rooted idea that genius is always anti-social.

Therefore, those who led themselves to believe that to be anti-social means one must be a genius (and organised their own behaviour accordingly) took up Burns hysterically and strongly.

Mr. Lindsay, while at every point in his book making felt the veracity of the Burns genius, brings out that he was by no means an anti-social man; in fact, the contrary. In his work for years as an excise officer he was conscientious, dependable and courageous. While still young, after his father's death, he shouldered the task of supporting brothers and sisters, and the welfare of his wife and his growing family was forever preying upon his mind. He died, it would seem, worn out less by debauch than by the fight for economic security.

The fact that Burns was an excise man tends, by romance-loving Burnsites, to be slurred over: they prefer to picture him at the plough.



The black-earthly view of him was popular at the more genteel Edinburgh parties at which he had no objection to being lionised. He had farmed, it was true, and farmed with the best, but bad lands and bad years made it unrewarding.

Burns in his lifetime did play up to the more picturesque aspects of his own legend—as Mr. Lindsay in this reverent but impatient and by no means whitewashing book makes clear. The poet also had, we are shown frankly, a caddish streak—not a few of his letters to or about women are infelicitous. His prowess with women is no small a part of his fame. His love-affairs, most of them fleeting, are here enumerated: temperament drove him from one to another young country girl—each one immortalised in his poetry. With “Highland Mary” (supposed a case of purely ideal love) Mr. Lindsay deals honestly, if debunkingly.

AND he sweeps away, also, the drinking legend. Burns, he can show, was anything but a soak—or, as this day drearily calls it, an alcoholic. In the eighteenth century, when the poet lived, convivial drinking was part of life—and who has sung more splendidly its pleasures? If drink stimulated his poetry, what a poetry! Times when Burns, as will happen, drank to excess stood out painfully for him: each was regretted.

But really the point of, and reason for, Mr. Lindsay's book is his deep sense of Burns' importance to Scotland—an importance greater than ever now.

A country [he says] which has lost its literature cannot long survive. But for Burns, Scots poetry would almost certainly have trickled out of sight after the death of Fergusson; but for Burns, Scots folksong would certainly have remained a sterile subject for minor collectors. . . . Burns, however, caught and fixed the texture of life in the old agrarian Scotland which was already passing away in his own day, in verse so warmly glowing and so technically accomplished that, in a real sense, he went a long way towards making our past permanent. . . . Burns must therefore be considered a political as well as a poetical figure, at any rate so far as Scotland is concerned. For his work more than the work of any other single person has kept Scotland in mind of her ancient nationhood, traditions and identity, throughout a century and a half of relentless buffeting towards that spiritual oblivion which social submersion in the culture and way of life of England or America must inevitably mean.

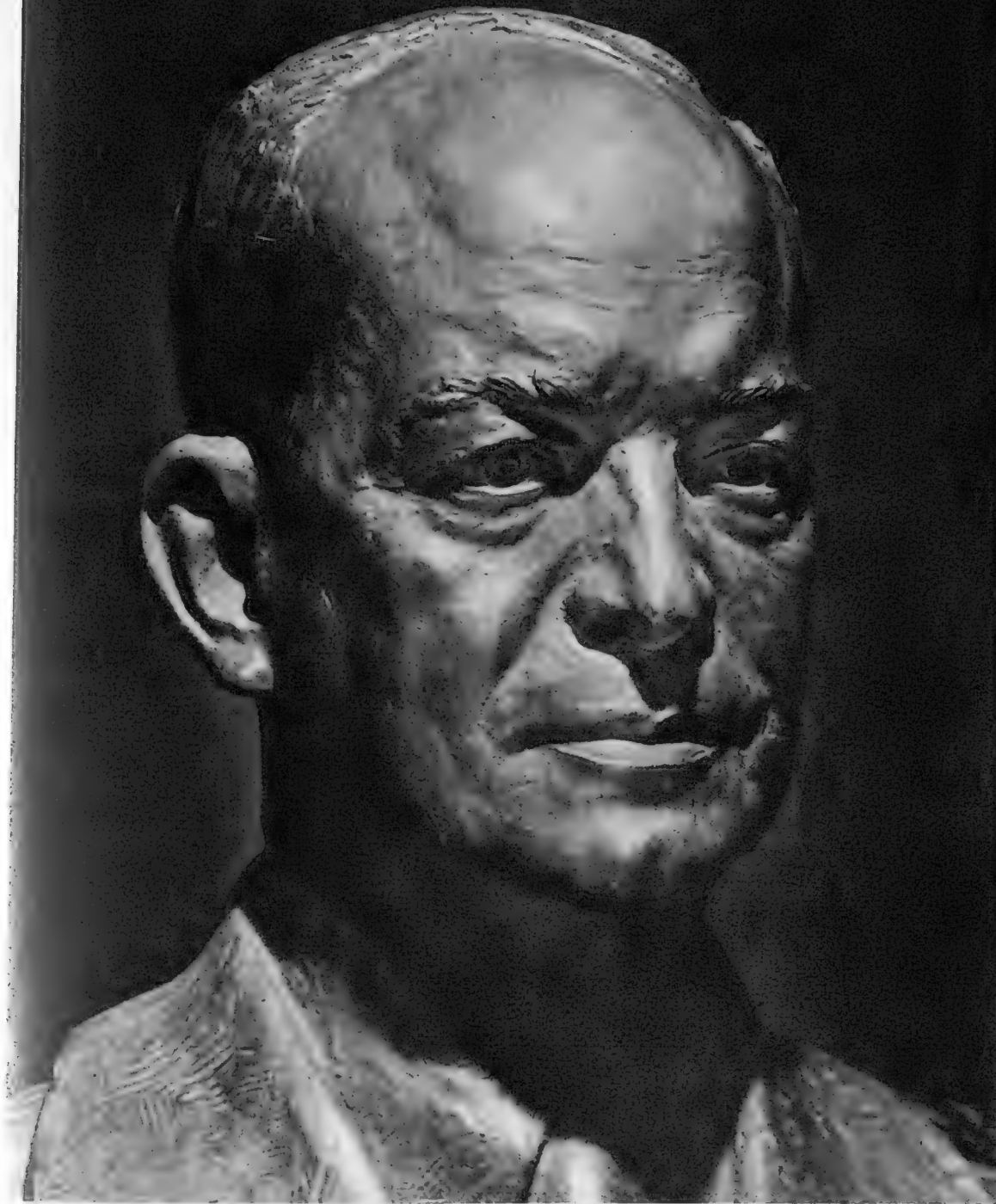
The above is but one of many challenging statements. *Robert Burns* may, indeed, be dynamite to some readers.

★ ★ ★

IN Isabel Quigly's novel, *THE EYE OF HEAVEN* (Collins; 10s. 6d.), we again have to do with a poet—this time fictitious, though, be it said, convincing. Arcangelo Tolomei, at thirty-seven, is already a man of fame when, during a villa tea-party, he enters the life and commands the love of Celia Coke, a young English-woman spending a year with her children at an Italian *plage*, Forte dei Marmi. Celia is twenty-five, she had married young and is still what is known as “unawakened.” She is a happy mother, a till now placid wife, an orthodox Catholic. Her husband Neddy, an architect, is away working at a commission in Australia. Ashy, an impeccable English nannie, once Celia's and now her children's, is in charge.

“Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven shines,” said Shakespeare. For Celia, never in Italy till now, light and colour precipitate the amazing world in which (with the sense





## THE REPUBLIC'S GUIDING STAR

THIS bronze bust of President Eisenhower, casts of which are at the White House and West Point, is the work of Nison (Nickolai) Trigor, the Russian-born American artist who is the official sculptor to the White House. Mr. Trigor is at present in England to execute portrait busts of Sir Winston Churchill and Lord Beaverbrook. During the war he worked on facial reconstruction for U.S. Army plastic surgeons, and was later Liaison Officer in Berlin on the Monuments and Fine Arts Commission in that city

of having always awaited him) she encounters Arcangelo. As lovers, the two behave with astounding recklessness. Psychologically, Miss Quigly makes everything seem possible: the love-story and its atmosphere are sublime. But on the practical plane, various improbabilities stand out—sometimes, to the detriment of the novel. *Could* Celia really have got away with all that? How did she, even under the influence of love, learn to speak such fluent Italian in so short a time?—before the end of the year, we have her translating a Hardy novel (read aloud, that is, from the English version) straight into Italian for Arcangelo's benefit. And would Ashy—though, one admits, protesting—have stood for such extraordinary goings-on?

CELIA has a wide circle of conventional friends, all liable to be straying around Italy. Could a young woman give birth to her lover's child then return, with unshadowed respectability, to take up her married life again in Hampstead? True, there was the connivance of Mr. Beamish, an Oxford don—but could one really deposit a very Italian baby in North Oxford without raising a query? Stranger things have happened: still, one is left to wonder. And

I thought Arcangelo's sight-seeing visit to England something of an artistic anticlimax; though fortunately everything passed off well.

*The Eye of Heaven* is written with great distinction, and, often, beauty. There is here and there a risk of over-intensity: Miss Quigly uses too many "...s." The mood required for such a story cannot be always easy to sustain; but she has sustained it—a little less so, possibly, near the end.

★ ★ ★

A KITE'S DINNER: *Poems*, 1938–54, by Sheila Wingfield (Cresset Press; 9s. 6d.), has been the Choice of the Poetry Book Society. One must be glad of this extra pointer to a book which it would be a great loss to miss. To say that the subjects of the poems are war and love, sea and land, Nature and the seasons, friendship and adventures of the mind, is to give little distinctive idea of them—for does not most poetry play on these? Inexpert criticism cannot render, here, the freshness and depth of the feeling, the delight of the imagery, the ring and the grace of the rhymed verse. (Something always remains missing, at least to my ear, from an unrhymed poem.)

"It was a princely morning of bright

winds—" Lines such as these stay afloat in the memory. *A Kite's Dinner* consists of selections made by Sheila Wingfield from three already published volumes (*Poems*, 1938, *Beat Drum*, *Beat Heart* and *A Cloud Across the Sun*), plus a number of poems which have not appeared in book form before.

★ ★ ★

GO, LOVELY ROSE, by Jean Potts (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.), is an American detective story by a new hand—one of the best "firsts," declared a New York critic. The setting's domestic and the title's satiric; for "lovely Rose" is a particularly disagreeable housekeeper, who has made two childhoods a misery. No one weeps for that corpse at the foot of the cellar stairs; though things begin to look ugly for young Hartley—motive and opportunity both seem clear. Hartley's sister Rachel does her best to cope with the situation; so does Bix, who is Hartley's friend and quite the dreariest teen-ager on record.

This tale, though excellent, is a shade too long. The small town, patched with what is referred to as "stale snow," is a trifle too Ibsenish, and that gets one down. Speed, even at the sacrifice of realism, seems to me essential to a detective story.

## THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

## Rossall—Pride of the North

ROSSALL is situated on the bracing north-western coast of Lancashire, in the ancient Hundred of Amounderness, where some 2000 years ago dwelt the Segantii, "the dwellers in the country of the waters." The founding of a school at Rossall was due to the financial straits of Sir Peter Hesketh Fleetwood, the owner of Rossall Hall, the imagination of the Corsican hôtelier, Vantini, and the practical ability of the then vicar of Thornton-with-Fleetwood, the Rev. St. Vincent Beechey.

The latter secured the interest of wealthy local businessmen, formed a council of fourteen clergymen and ten laymen to bring the school into being, obtained a lease of Rossall Hall, and so, without the necessity of buying a site or erecting costly buildings, the school opened with seventy boys in 1844 under the title of the Northern Church of England School.

THE first head, Dr. Woolley, was succeeded in 1849 by the Rev. William Osborne, who during his twenty years of office raised Rossall from the status of a somewhat obscure boarding academy to that of a public school. He persuaded the council to buy the grounds and buildings, changed its name, introduced the house system, organised games and provided scholarships to and from Rossall.

After passing through a number of difficult years, the school grew and prospered under Dr. James, its most distinguished headmaster, who came to the school when it was at its lowest fortunes and led it to the high peak of success. Each succeeding head contributed thereafter to

its progress, and to-day Rossall is fortunate in having as headmaster the Rev. C. E. Young, who took over in 1937, to carry on the traditions of the school, which has recently celebrated its centenary.

The impressive entrance archway leads to The Square, around which are grouped the eight houses of the Senior School. The new buildings, made necessary by the growth of the school, blend with the mellowing old ones, including the original chapel, now the Summer Library. The present Chapel, erected in 1862, contains many beautiful stained-glass windows, and was enlarged after World War One by the Memorial Chapel to Old Rossallians.

OUTDOOR sports play an important part in the life of Rossall. The spacious playing fields near the seashore give every facility for the playing of games, and the open-air swimming-pool is probably one of the largest possessed by a public school. Cricket is the senior game at Rossall and many fine elevens and players of outstanding ability have been produced during the last fifty years or so.

In any survey of Rossall cricket, one name immediately comes to mind, that of the late T. A. Higson, known to every Lancastrian and in the wider field of international cricket. It is rather remarkable that three Old Rossallians, Higson (cricket), Harry

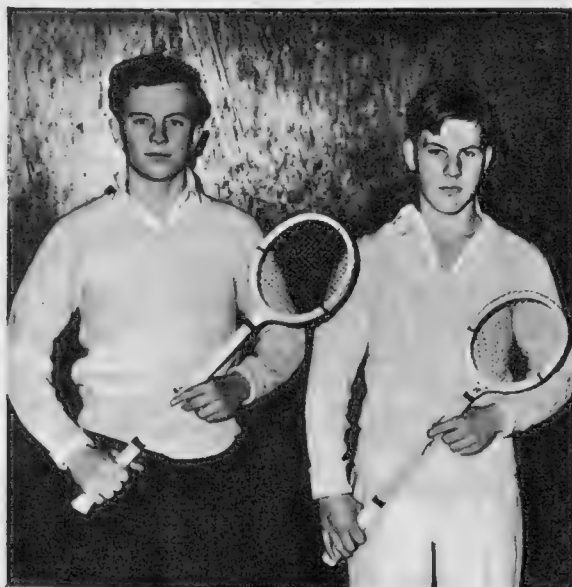
Coverdale (Rugby) and R. A. Crummack (hockey), have been selectors of England teams.

In the early years both Association football and Rugby—under Rossall rules—were played. Although several attempts were made to adopt the Rugby Union game, Association football, then the fashionable code at the universities, remained the school game until 1914. The change-over to the "man's game" had a far-reaching effect on the history of Rossall, the school which had produced so many fine soccer players. As may be imagined, the early fifteens suffered from lack of experience, but with true Rossallian spirit rapidly improved, and within a few years were able to hold their own against better-known Rugby schools, and produced players of distinction.

MUCH of the success of Rossall Rugby since the last war has been due to the excellent coaching of Jack Ellis, the England scrum-half, and more recently N. L. Ilett, the Oxford Blue. In 1947 the school won the Public Schools "Sevens," and last season the Fifteen had an unbeaten record. Hockey and boxing are other popular sporting activities of the Lancashire school.

— S. A. Patman

*Retford School will appear in the February 2nd issue.*



### RACKETS CHAMPIONS

The final of the public schools rackets singles championship, played at Queen's Club, was won in the under sixteens by B. M. Norman (Eton, left), seen with runner-up C. A. Morris (Marlborough). Right: N. H. R. A. Broomfield (Haileybury), winner of the singles handicap championship, is seen receiving his award from Mr. J. W. Greenstock, who is a house-master at Harrow







At supper were Camilla Drake-Brockman, Patsy Fitz-Gibbon, Elizabeth Ann Powell, Antonia Powell and Susan Whitbread



Patrick Howell and Ann Waterson most ably acted the word "Knight" in the Statues Dance, which was one of many original competitions

## THEIR FIRST LONG DRESSES

MANY of the guests wore long dresses for the first time at the annual children's ball, given by the Cotswold Hunt, held at Rossley Manor, near Cheltenham. The Master, Sir Hugh Arbuthnot, Bt., judged the popular horn blowing contest which was one of the highlights of the ball



Phyllida Nicholson was enjoying her ice cream, under the speculative gaze of Pat Buckle and Susan Crowley



Left: Pat Whiting, Pamela Pitman, June Whiting and Marguerite Pitman made an extremely decorative picture against an attractive background

Having a rest and a cooling drink were Patrick S. Hickman and Jane Sandeman. The dance ended with a most energetic conga enjoyed by everyone





An off-white hat in brushed wool felt trimmed with a narrow bow of the same material. Pale, plain, tremendously chic it struck us as an excellent buy at £1 2s. 6d.

## A CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

A jacket of off-white pure wool deep textured tweed with gently rounded shoulders, vertical pockets and a low slung belt. Price of this madly useful little coat is £8 8s.





*and hopeful hearts*

WHEN the first thin rays of New Year sunshine come through we begin to feel the need of something a little gayer and lighter to wear. A suit or two-piece with a short coat to throw on over it gives warmth without weight, and a certain feeling of freedom and change to match the lengthening January days. We show here a jumper suit by "Holyrood" Knitwear that is light, warm, and reasonable in price. It is stocked by Dickins & Jones who also supply the jacket and hat shown with it



by Mariel Deans

Jumper suit of green bouclé wool with a ribbed welt and cuffs and with crossed ribbed bands making a pretty neck to the jumper. This can be worn belted or straight or even tucked inside the skirt top. In other colours too, it costs £7 7s. 6d.

John French

# SHOES FROM THE NEW COLLECTIONS

*They are (says Mariel Deans)  
studies in haute couture*

AFTER seeing the spring shoe collections, we feel that it will be our own fault if our feet do not look sleeker and more elegant than ever before. The new shoes are so beautifully cut, so light and soft that they are as comfortable to wear as they are good to look at



*Left:* Evening glamour by Ferragamo. Hand made to order in black satin with rhinestone decorated, or plain heels, these shoes are available through Fortnum & Mason



*Right:* As an alternative to the brogue court shoe Brevitt offer this slim-lined welted model in parchment coloured calf skin with dark stitching. It will be in the shops now



*Left:* "Dominique" a Bally shoe from Switzerland made in finest sable brown calf trimmed with tiny jet buttons. Its heel and toe are very new. It comes (also in dull green or black) from the London Shoe Co., Bond Street



*Right:* "Flapjack" a Joyce shoe that has a low heel, is made in tan, red or black calf, the fringed tongue is decorated with gilt headed nails. Harvey Nicholls of Knightsbridge have it



HEELS are getting lighter and prettier and unblocked toes more common. If only, now, our shoe repairing services could supply comparably light soles and heels when the day comes for repairs instead of something like a surgical boot base—how happy we should be!



This beautifully cut welted court shoe made in teak brown or black calf and trimmed with a narrow bow comes from Clark's County Club range. Peter Lord shops will have it in February



*Right:* A twist of straps, a slender heel—the barest foot flattery. "Contessa" a black suede sandal by H. M. Rayne



*Left:* A charming lace covered evening shoe by Holmes. You can buy it in white, silver or gold from the Shoe Department at Dickins & Jones



*Right:* Bective make this light and pretty shoe in mushroom coloured oval lizard. Inquiries to Bective Ltd., 146 New Bond Street, London, W.1



Bamboo-green stripes on an ivory wool gabardine makes this two piece by Frederick Starke. The sleeveless dress has a cross slashed neckline. Galeries Lafayette will be having this shortly



This is one of the suits designed by Charles Creed for his boutique at Rima. It is made of fine rust coloured tricotine, cut straight and trim, and is stocked by Harvey Nicholls

## SMART CLOTHES FOR FINE WEATHER

*Looking (not too far) ahead  
to the silvery promise of  
bright March days*





*Above:* Elizabeth Henry's two piece is made of navy blue wool and printed shantung. The matching box jacket is entirely reversible. Rocha of Grafton Street has this ensemble in stock

*Below:* Rensor's youthful middy suit is made of Paris blue wool with a big cat-bow cravat in cherry red spotted with white. D. H. Evans will have it shortly



This very lovely pale beige bouclé coat can be worn with or without its black leather belt. Made by Rensor and stocked by Harrods, who have it in other colours

WHILST winds from the steppes howl across Europe and we swathe ourselves in furs and snow boots, clutching at any bit of extra wool we can find, the dress designers (wholesale) in their world apart move from spring into summer with thoughts of autumn already in the air. They have left behind them, however, these pretty numbers from the recent spring collections and these garments will very shortly be for sale in the shops

Newest underwater camera case, made of Perspex with outside controls. It has been tested down to 150 feet without pressurization, can be adapted to flash gear, and fitted with open sight if required. It is completely watertight and has neutral buoyancy. Price £21. The camera shown is an Ilford Advocate



For the surface cruiser, studying marine life: a mask with central breathing tube attached, only recently available here. It is the most popular style with experienced underwater swimmers in the South of France. The cost of the mask is £1 15s.



Ever-growing refinement in swim fins has resulted in the "Club-master," with adjustable heel strap for the discerning skin-diver. These are made in England, and the price is the very reasonable one of £1 12s. 6d. a pair



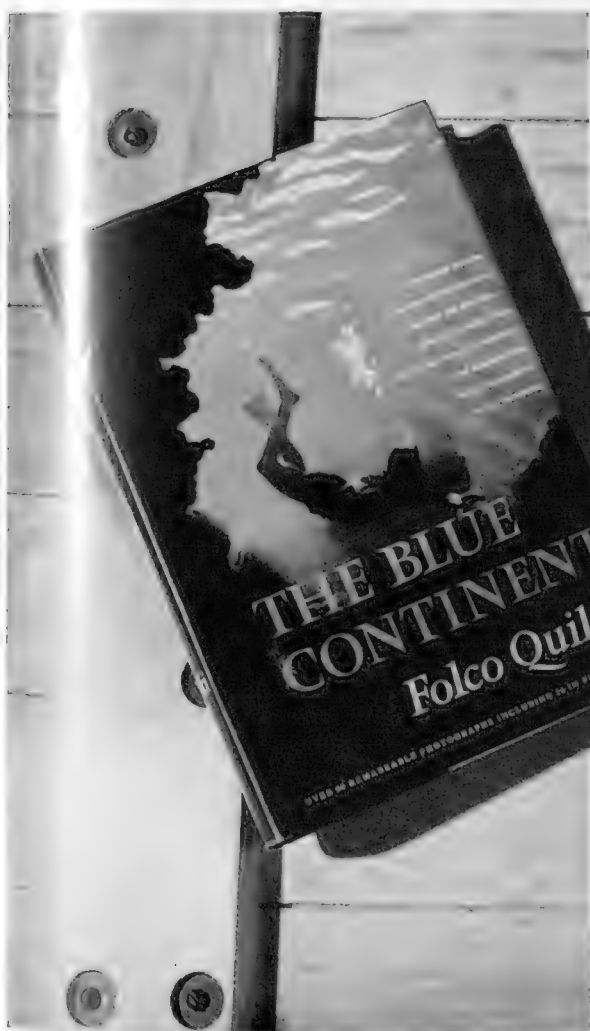
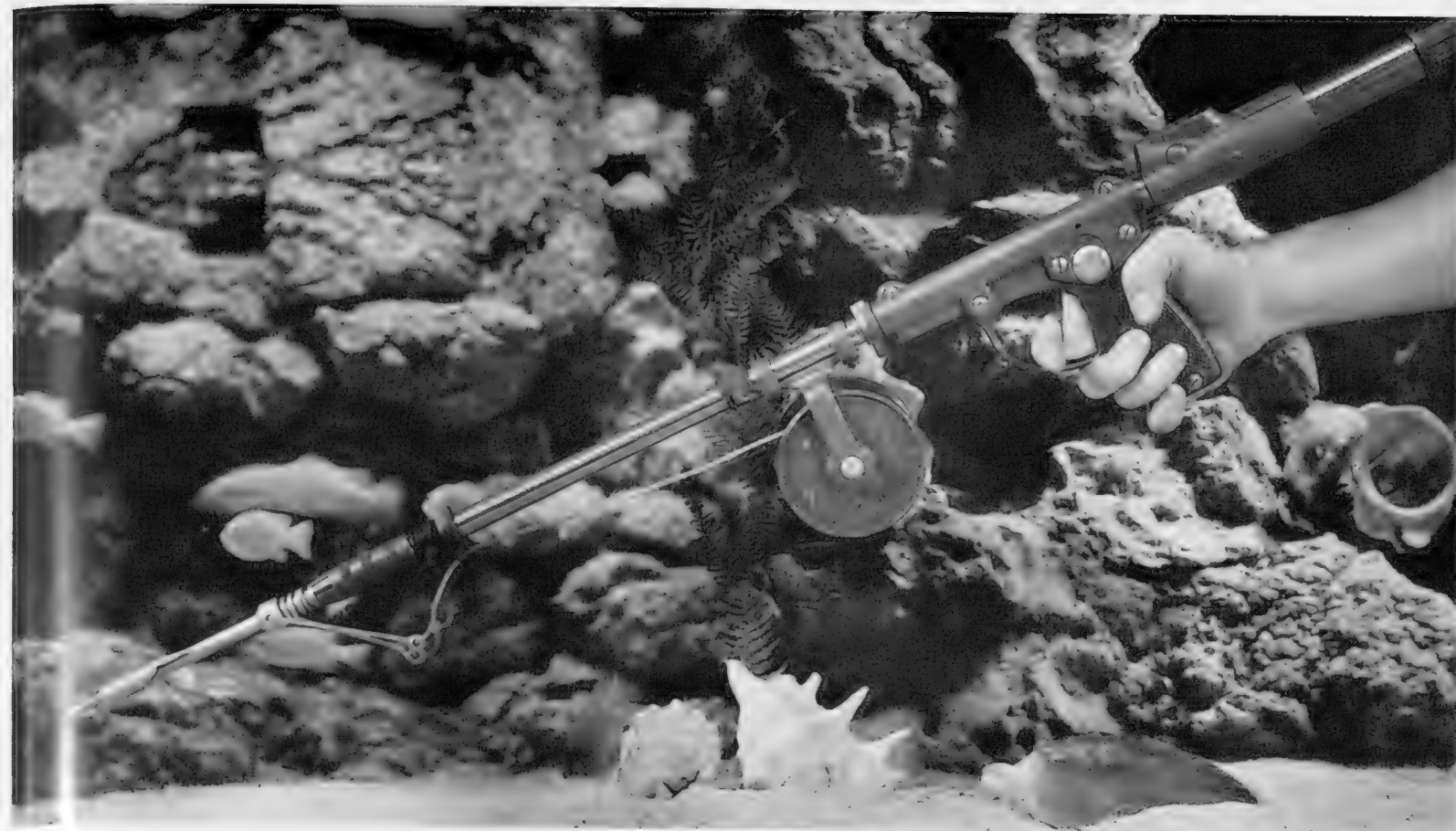
## *Kitting-up for the ten fathom plunge*

UNDERWATER swimming is no longer the privilege of a few adventurous pioneers, but the world's newest and fastest growing sport. To the fore as usual in these matters, Lillywhites are presenting and marketing various kinds of equipment only just available in this country. Several examples of the latest designs are photographed here for the interest of those who are thinking of taking what has been called "a journey into Wonderland," and is further described by Mr. Vane Ivanović on pages 100-101. Mr. C. H. McLeod, vice-chairman of the British Sub-Aqua Club, is at Lillywhites, and will be pleased to help those in need of advice

*A survey of equipment by Jean Cleland*



First of its kind to be seen in this country is the Spanish made "Comodoro" compressed air gun, complete with harpoon. Exclusive to Lillywhites, this has greater power and range than the ordinary rubber powered guns, and is completely silent in use—an important point. Price £12 12s.

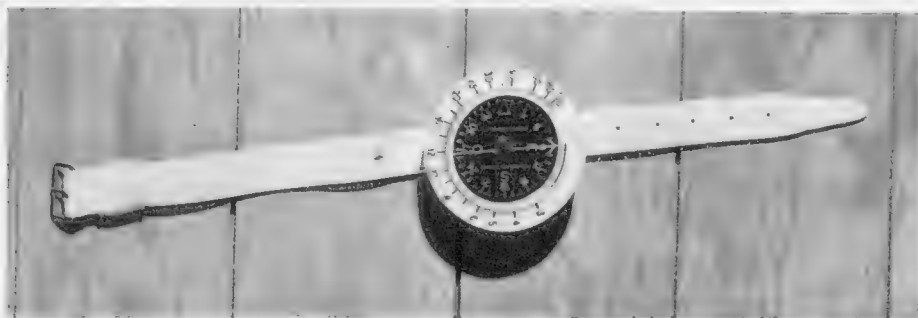


*Left:* an example of the growing literature on the subject. It is published by Weidenfeld and Nicholson and illustrated with exquisite under-sea colour photographs. Price £1 1s.



If you lose hold of this knife in your underwater investigations you can recover it again—on the surface—for it floats. It costs £1 15s. 5d.

Something else which has just made its appearance in London: a combined depth-gauge and underwater compass for the wrist, at £7 17s. 6d.





"Rock Pool" scarf with starfish and shell design. From Liberty's, 32s. 9d.



Chelton Beads, unbreakable and clipped, not threaded together, to make different length strands. 37s. 6d. per rope of 120. From Elizabeth Arden

## Beauty

# Deep Freeze Warning

Jean Cleland



**T**HERE is a nip in the air. A nip that should act as a warning to those with the type of skin that is sensitive to the effect of harsh winds.

A little extra cherishing and care at this time of year can do much to avoid the bleak "shrivelled" look which so many people seem to get directly the cold weather really sets in.

What the complexion needs just now is plenty of nourishment with a really rich skin food. If you are in the habit of using a fairly light one, I suggest that you replace this with a heavier one to feed the tissues and keep the skin well lubricated. Mix it in the palm of your hand, with a little muscle oil, and massage it in with upward movements, twice a day. First thing in the morning *before* the bath, so that it can seep right into the pores, and again before going to bed at night. If there is any trace of flakiness, this can be smoothed away by using one of the extra rich creams made for the purpose. A very good one is Elizabeth Arden's Eight-hour Cream, which has a wonderfully softening effect on any little rough patches.

**P**ARTICULARLY important just now is the way in which you cleanse your face. I, personally, would recommend doing it with a soft liquefying cleansing cream. This is more soothing than soap and water, which—especially if the water is hard—is sometimes irritating to a sensitive skin. If, however, you are one of those people who never feel clean unless the face has had a good wash, then DO, during the winter months, take a few precautions.

First, take great care in your choice of soap. You can get some that are specially designed for a sensitive skin, and one I can suggest as being extremely good is Guerlain's "Jeune Age." It is wonderfully smooth and only very lightly scented with a fresh delicate fragrance.

Second, if the water is hard, soften it with a pinch of borax, or with some form of water softener such as Rimmel's Oatmeal Powder. Third, after you have washed your face, cleanse again with cream. In this way, you satisfy your feeling for soap and water, and at the same time avoid any drying effects.

**S**TILL another way of cleansing is by means of a lotion or liquid, which some people prefer. If you adopt this method, you must be careful during the cold weather to use something that is soothing to the skin. For this purpose, I suggest Richard Hudnut's "Three Flowers Milk of Cucumber," which leaves the skin very supple and elastic, and with none of that stretched feeling, which often results in fine wrinkles, and sometimes in tiny red veins.

Should you see any evidence of this last trouble, you should treat it immediately to applications of Guerlain's Circulation Cream. While this does not claim to cure advanced cases of red veins, it does help greatly in alleviating a minor condition.

The foundation which you apply before putting on your make-up, is tremendously important, because this it is that gives the look of finish to the skin. A new one that has just come out is "Sheer Genius" created by Max Factor Jnr. This is particularly suitable for winter "wear" because it has a new lotion base with a special lanolin formula, which nourishes the skin, and gives a day-long protection from the wind. While it is non-greasy, it is never drying, and can be used on the most sensitive complexions. There are five shades, to suit any type of skin.

**L**ANOLIN is, in my opinion, always an ever-present help, especially during the winter, when its healing qualities make it invaluable for guarding the skin against roughness, and softening it when it tends to get flaky and dry. It is particularly excellent for the hands, and in preparation for the cold weather I should like to remind you of the "Luxury Lanoline Hand Cream" made by the Westbrook Lanoline Co. This has a soothing and non-greasy base, and can be had in a tube, which makes it easy for travelling, or for carrying about.

To guard against brittle nails, a quick and well-known method is to brush them with "Nailoid," and also rub a little well into the cuticles after moistening the finger-tips. This not only strengthens the nails, but provides an easy way of removing discoloration and nicotine stains.



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## SOME RECENT ENGAGEMENTS



**Miss Diana Joan Pratt**, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Pratt, of Wych Hill Way, Woking, is engaged to Mr. Peter Anthony Mitchell, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, only son of Mrs. W. G. Cockcroft, of Branksome Park Road, Camberley



Lenore

**Miss Susan M. M. Speir**, elder daughter of W/Cdr. and Mrs. R. C. T. Speir, of Linkside, Nairn, is engaged to Mr. Michael George O'Brien, younger son of Lt.-Col. the Hon. H. B. O'Brien and Lady Helen O'Brien, of Kilduff, East Lothian, Scotland



**Miss E. O. J. (Tilly) Laycock** and **Lt. M. Agnew, R.N.**, (above) are engaged to be married. He is the son of Lieutenant-Colonel R. L. Agnew and of Mrs. M. N. Rowlatt. She is the eldest daughter of General Sir Robert and Lady Laycock



Pearl Freeman

**Miss Gillian May Robinson**, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Robinson, of Cherry Burton House, East Yorks, is engaged to Mr. P. Dalton White, son of Mr. J. Dalton White, of Polruan, Cornwall, and of Mrs. Dalton White, of Hatfield Heath, Essex

**Miss Dorothy Jane Worswick** and **Sir Jeremy Boles, Bt., M.F.H.** (right) are engaged. He is the son of the late Sir Gerald Boles and of Mrs. D. Carver, of Bagborough, Taunton. Miss Worswick is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Worswick, of Enmore, near Bridgwater, Somerset



Duncan, Dublin

**Miss Rosario O'Driscoll**, younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. J. O'Driscoll, of St. Jude, Kildare, is to marry Mr. Peter Richards, younger son of Sir Gordon and Lady Richards, of Clements Meadow, Marlborough





## COMMONWEALTH WEDDINGS



**Kingan—Stronge.** Mr. T. J. A. Kingan, elder son of the late Mr. W. S. Kingan, and of Mrs. Kingan, of Glenganagh, Bangor, Co. Down, married Miss Daphne M. Stronge, elder daughter of the Rt. Hon. Sir Norman and Lady Stronge, of Tynan Abbey, Co. Armagh, at Tynan Parish Church, Armagh, N.I.



**Cochran—Niven** (above). At the Cathedral of St. Mary and All Saints, Salisbury, S. Rhodesia, Mr. Thomas M. Cochran, only son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Patrick Cochran, of Katanga House, Selous Avenue, Salisbury, married Miss Rosemary D. Niven, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Niven. The Bishop of Mashonaland performed the ceremony



**Maberley—Chauvel** (left). Lt.-Col. Ted Maberley, late 13th B.C.O. Lancers, Indian Cavalry, younger son of Capt. Maberley, Army and Navy Club, married Miss Eve Chauvel, younger daughter of the late Gen. Sir Harry Chauvel and of Lady Chauvel, O.B.E., of Melbourne, at Molo in Kenya



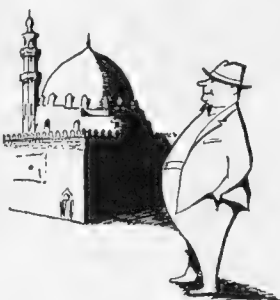
**Knights—MacGilp.** Mr. John Knights, son of the Rev. and Mrs. A. C. Knights, of Chellaston, Derbyshire, married at St. Paul's Cathedral, Calcutta, India, Miss Susan MacGilp, only daughter of Doctor and Mrs. F. D. MacGilp, of Egglecliffe, Co. Durham



**Drummond—Sharwood.** The wedding took place at St. Matthias Church, Montreal, of Mr. C. Michael Drummond, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul C. Drummond, of Montreal, and Miss Sally Westwood Sharwood, only daughter of the late Mr. Robert W. Sharwood, and Mrs. R. W. Sharwood, of Westmount, formerly of Little Bookham, Surrey

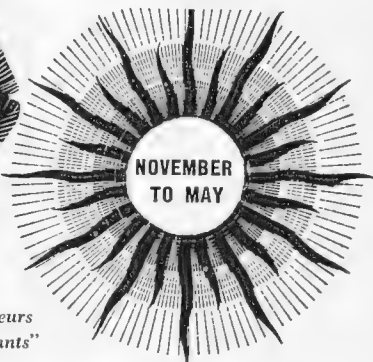
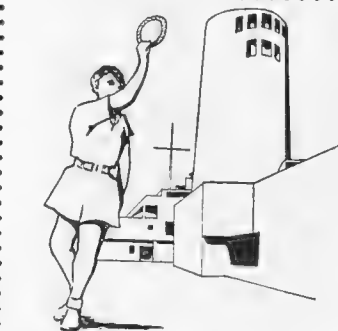


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**Oliver Stewart**

## Starting Bogy

**A**NNUALLY the British people make two discoveries. First they discover with the utmost astonishment that unprotected water pipes freeze up if the weather gets cold and, second, they discover with equal astonishment that motor-car batteries become tired when they are overworked and fail to turn the engine for starting. With monotonous regularity about half the car owning population have starting troubles in the winter. The reason is that motor car starting systems are designed for easy conditions and not for hard.

Those who have well warmed, brick-built garages have no trouble until the day comes—and it always does come—when they must leave the car standing in the open. Much night motoring takes it out of the battery and then, when the frost clamps down, the response to the starter button in the morning is that agonizing and ineffectual groan with which we are all much too familiar.

**P**ERHAPS the owners of inexpensive motor cars must expect occasional starting reluctance; but the owners of expensive cars ought not to do so. I have always argued that cars in the higher price range ought to have an alternative starting system. It is unsatisfactory to rely wholly upon Bendix pinion and battery. Nor is it difficult to think of possible alternative starting systems.

My own choice would be an inertia starter. This consists of a small flywheel which can be worked up to a high speed by hand, through a train of gears. The energy thus stored can then be used—through an appropriate clutch—to turn the engine.

This form of starter was common on aero-engines. It does not weigh much and takes little space. It would provide a means of turning the engine without breaking your back by using the starting handle, and would be a most convenient device for storing energy. It would provide that guarantee of starting no matter what the weather or how flat the battery.

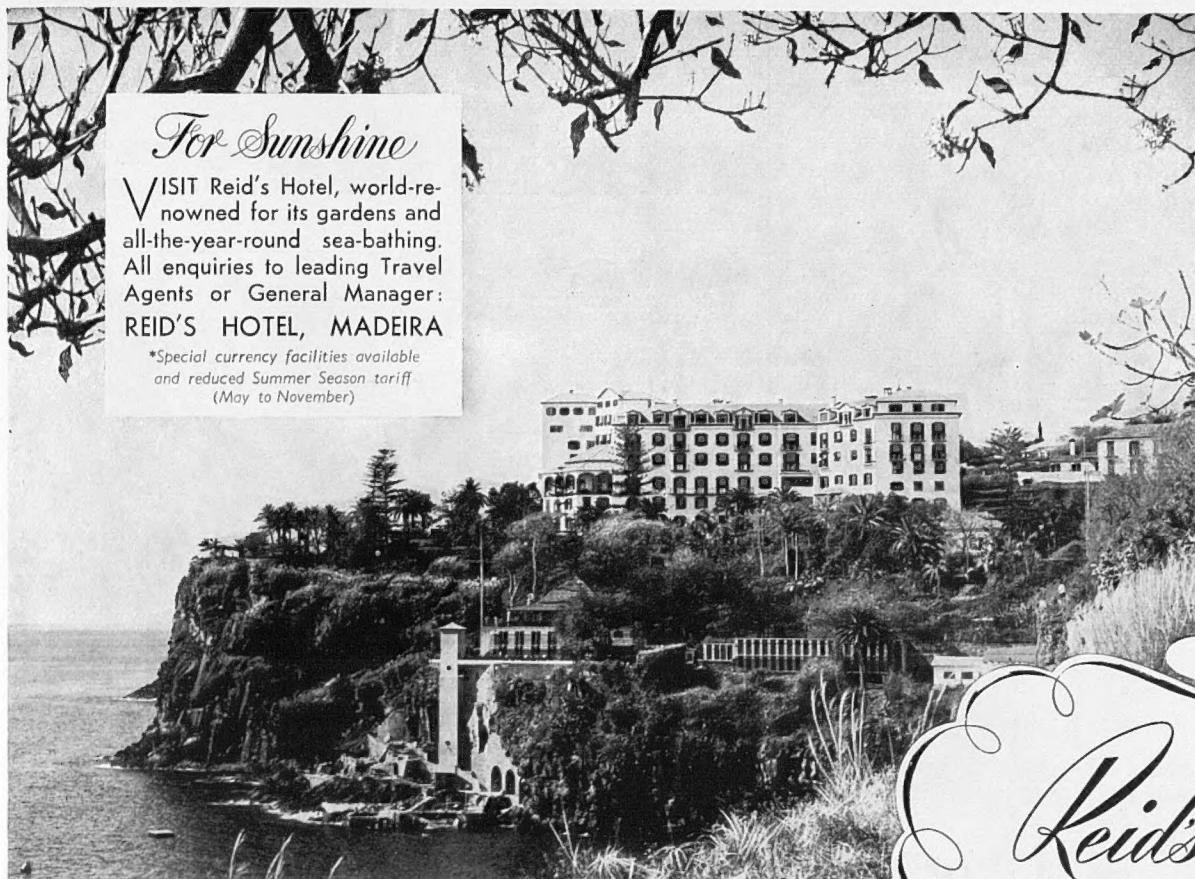
**B**y the time these notes appear the 1955 season of motor sport will have begun with the Argentine Grand Prix and the Monte Carlo rally. It looks as if those two fine drivers, Hawthorne and Moss, will be handling cars which will give them a reasonable chance of winning races. The Vandervell effort is particularly praiseworthy and we must all hope that Mr. Vandervell will reap the reward that is his due.

He has steadfastly continued to develop the Vanwall Special, and rumour says that there is an excellent chance that the car will be out among the best German and Italian machines this year. It will be recalled that the prototype showed good speed capabilities but inadequate staying power. With Hawthorne leading a team of Vanwalls we may at last see a British car and British driver winning major events.

In the sports car category British successes should continue to come for there are the Jaguars and the Bristols. Major George Abell, who has done so much to enhance the popularity and the prestige of Bristol cars, retired from the position of general manager of the Bristol company's car division at the end of last year. But I think that we shall continue to see him, as we have in the past, at most of the big car race meetings.

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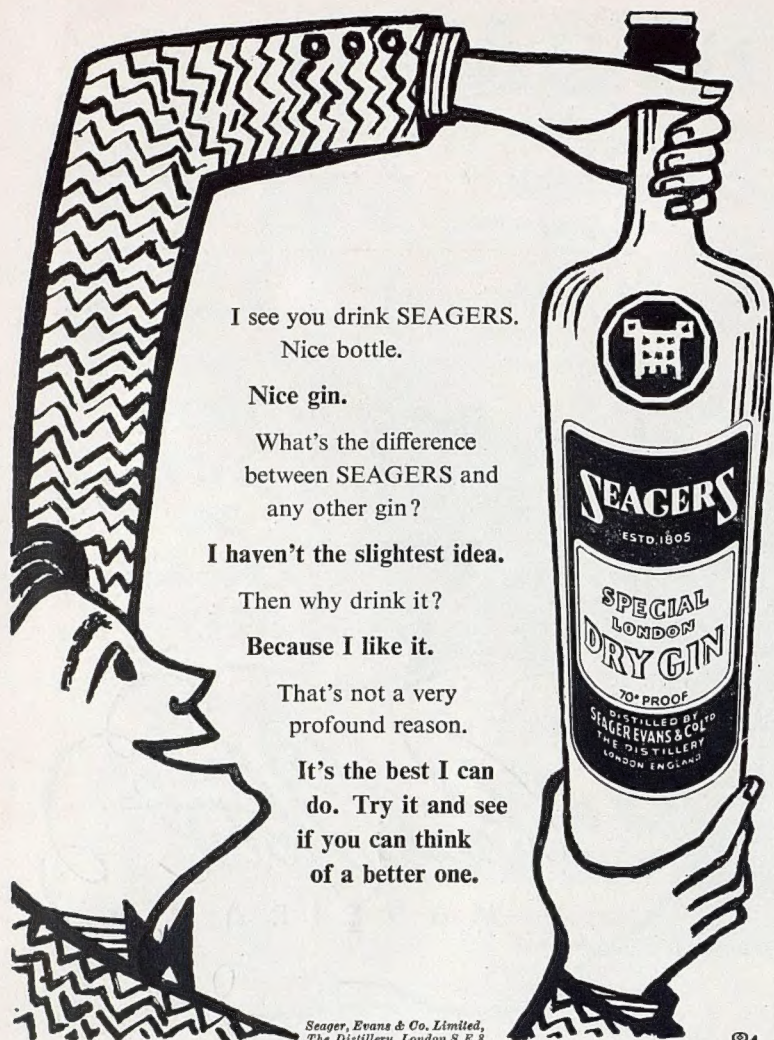
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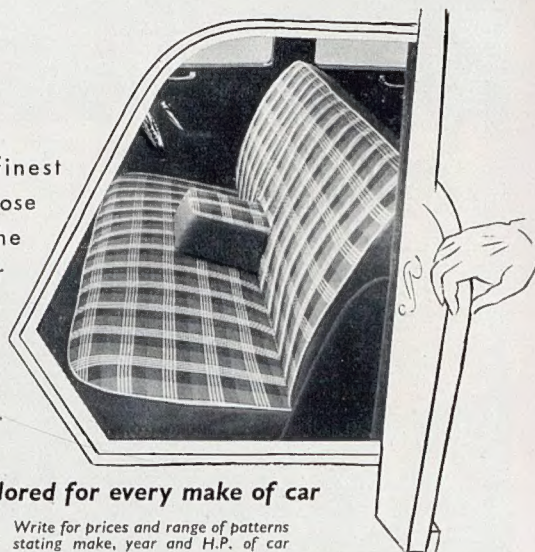
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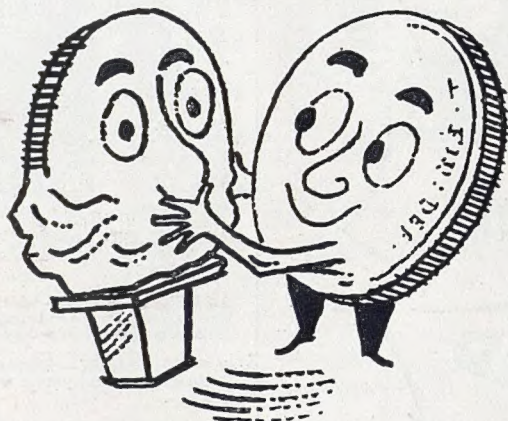
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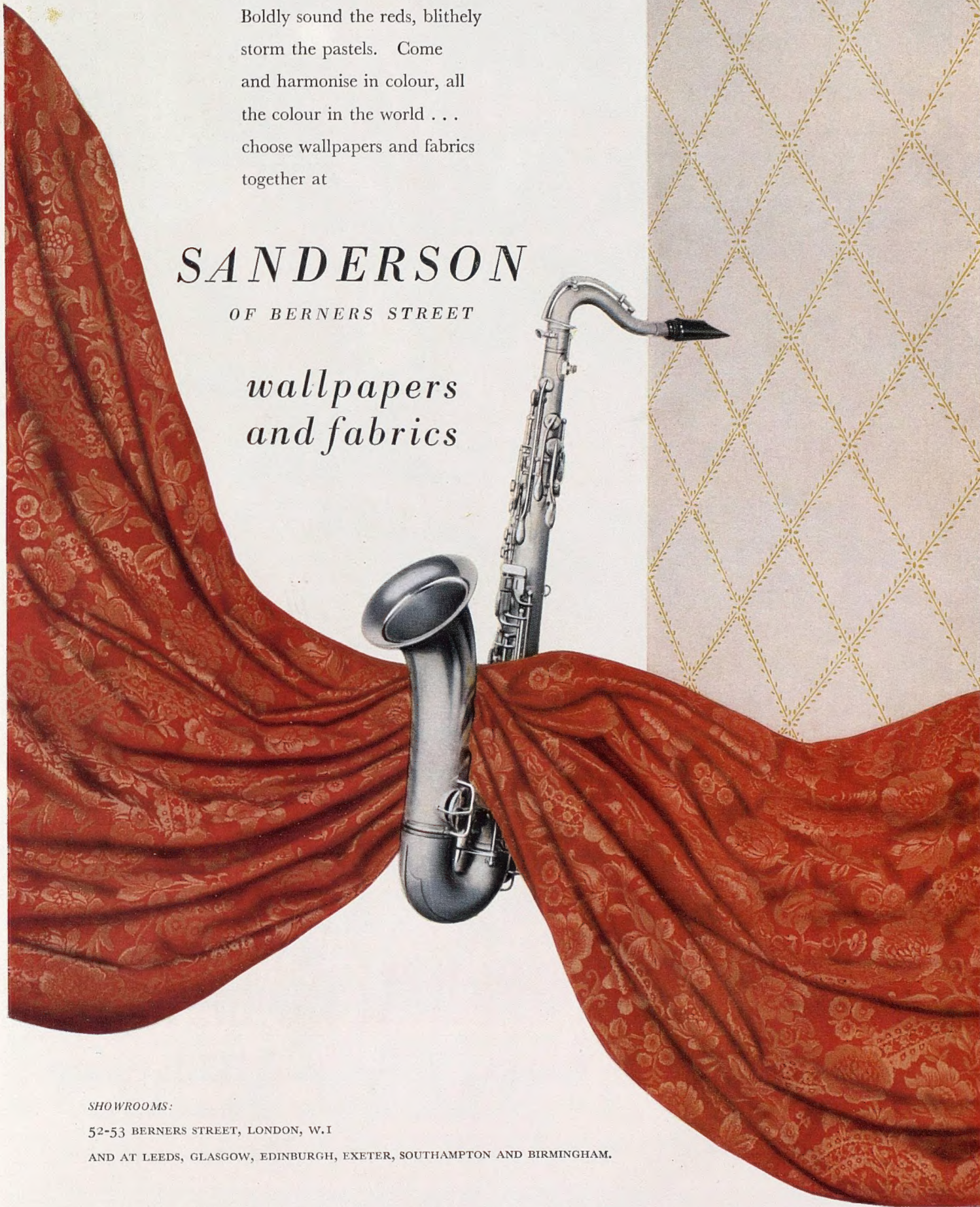


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